THE LIVING AGE

FILE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Apes in Airplanes	*C. E. M. Joad*
India's Problems	*Jawaharlal Nehru*
The Balkan Barrier	*'Nestor'*
German Myth on Wheels	*Joachim Haniel*
Seihin Ikeda	*Kosuke Maruya*
Intellectual on Trial	*Ramon Fernandez*
Twice-Promised Land	*René Seguy*
Esprit de Corps (A Story)	*Grace Joslin*

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THE GUIDE POST

NOW that history is being made at such a furious pace, the editors of a monthly magazine must abandon all hope of keeping abreast of events. That is the purpose of a daily paper. Our function is rather to present the background against which a fateful drama of world disintegration is being played, to explore the soil which breeds these terrible and portentous growths. With Czechoslovakia cast off and betrayed by the Great Powers in whom she had put her trust, attention is focused upon the smaller States and their chances of survival when the all-engulfing wave of imperialist expansion reaches them too. Some are already aligning themselves on the side of the totalitarian Powers, with whose latest achievements they are justly impressed and who, they feel, are a safer bet than the untrustworthy and vacillating European democracies. Others are trying to strengthen their position through reciprocal alliances. Our article, 'The Balkan Barrier,' by 'Nestor,' a pseudonym for a prominent British writer, describes this situation as applied to the Balkans, where Italy's attempts to extend her sphere of influence are being, at least temporarily, checked. [p. 102]

EVERYONE will agree with Professor Joad that man has shown not only an incomparable genius for inventing things, but an incomparable genius for putting them to the wrong uses. The airplane is one example; instead of bringing the nations closer together, it is now being used as a means of spreading death and destruction. The radio, in his opinion, is another miraculous instrument shamefully misused by the human race. Should all inventors be locked up? For Professor Joad's solution turn to his article 'Apes in Airplanes.' [p. 108]

THIS group of articles, 'Trouble in the Empire,' deals with some of the sore spots of the British Empire. In 'India Tackles Her Problems,' Jawaharlal Nehru, former President of the Indian National Congress, speaks of the work of that great compromise, the Indian Constitution, which to him and to many others is only a temporary detour from the road to Indian independence from Great Britain. [p. 112]

We should like to quote in this connection Mr. Nehru's reaction to the betrayal of Czechoslovakia, taken from the *Manchester Guardian:* 'India resents British foreign policy and will be no party to it, and we shall endeavor with all our strength to sever the bond that unites us to this pillar of reaction. [In the Czechoslovakian incident] the British Government has given us an additional and unanswerable argument for complete independence. . . . The people of India have no intention of submitting to any foreign decision on war. . . . Certainly they will not accept the dictation of the British Government, which they distrust utterly. . . . Only free and democratic countries can help freedom and democracy elsewhere.'

THE second article, 'Peonage in South Africa,' takes up the all-important problem of the treatment of the native in the British African colonies. The author, Sir John Harris, a traveler and once a missionary, is the secretary to the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines' Protection Society and has written many significant works on the colonial question. [p. 117]

IN 'Twice-Promised Land,' René Seguy, correspondent for *Candide,* notes down a few impressions he has gleaned during his travels through Palestine. [p. 119]

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the new 'People's

(Continued on page 188)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell
In 1844

October, 1938 *Volume 355, 4465*

The World Over

IN THE CYNICAL GAME of politics as it is now played in European chancelleries something more precious than human life or national boundaries is at stake. That something is a faith in human decency.

Thus, Czechoslovakia is more than a country caught in the web of international trickery. It is a symbol. If it survives—which at this writing is highly doubtful—it will be only because its staunch integrity and adherence to the ideals of democracy forced France and Great Britain to come to its aid. And Great Britain and France will have gone to war not because of any highly commendable desire to protect the weak from the strong, not because of a fine desire to preserve the vanishing freedom of mankind in Europe nor from any similar idealistic motive, but because one of the smallest democracies in Europe shamed them into it. They will march, not for honor, but for fear: fear of the judgment of man. And if Czechoslovakia has ceased to exist, that, too, will be a symbol: a symbol of the low ethical level of present day statesmanship.

That others are aware of the questionable status of modern diplomacy is evidenced in the leading editorial of the conservative London *Economist,* published just prior to the events of mid-September. After remarking that Great Britain can hardly ask Czechoslovakia to believe that its national existence is a reasonable price to pay for a few weeks of British security, it continues:—

> If our intention is merely to persuade the Czechs to surrender without fighting, let us abandon the hypocritical pretence of impartial mediation and

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ask Lord Runciman to don the Swastika. But if our main interest arises from the growing realization that there will be neither peace nor security for England in a world that is ruled by force and bluster, let us be very careful that we do not disgust and betray those whose interests run parallel with ours and that we do not encourage and reward the methods of policy that will, in the end, bring down the British Empire. On all these questions, doubts are rising. It is imperative that they should be allayed by clear words from London.

FEW CLEAR WORDS came from London, however. The Czech-Sudeten problem became hourly more acute not in spite of Great Britain's active interest, but because of that very questionable interest. Lord Runciman's mission was a case in point, its value, as far as the Czechs were concerned, being worse than negative. From the beginning it was obvious that Lord Runciman either could not, or, according to some observers, would not do anything. From the moment of his arrival in Prague, the resistance of the Sudeten-German leaders to any form of compromise stiffened. They had, perhaps, a psychic confidence that the English broker was working in their interests and seemingly regarded him as the Central-European equivalent of the Non-Intervention Committee. The Czechs, and correctly in the light of future developments, regarded him dubiously. He brought them nothing—nothing but increased demands from the Heinlen-Hitler group.

Even in his social activities Runciman proved himself a poor diplomat, and a poorer guest. He took with him to Prague the English custom of long week-ends, and those week-ends he regularly spent hobnobbing with certain German aristocrats who violently objected to the Czech Government because of its land reforms. He made an even worse impression by being seen on a number of occasions in company with Princess Hohenlohe, reputed favorite emissary of Hitler. He accepted no Czech invitations.

AT NO TIME, during the tense weeks of late August and early September, did Great Britain make its position clear. Yet it became increasingly evident that no sacrifice—*made by others*—was too great to ask.

Significantly glossed over throughout Great Britain's negotiations with Hitler, Daladier and with Mussolini concerning Czechoslovakia was the matter of Russia's active interest in the outcome. Could it be that Great Britain and France were willing to toss Czechoslovakia to the Fascist Powers rather than find themselves fighting side by side with the Soviets?

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Consider the week of September 12th. On Monday, in Nuremberg, Hitler proclaimed to his people:—

> Today we again see plotters, from Democrats to Bolsheviki, fighting against the Nazi State. While we were struggling for power they formed a united bloc against us. It becomes unbearable for us at a moment when a great German people, apparently defenseless, is delivered to shameless ill-treatment and exposed to threats. I am speaking of Czechoslovakia. This is a democratic State. As good democrats they began to oppress and mishandle the majority of the inhabitants. . . .

Four days later Neville Chamberlain, Prime Minister of England, begged audience with Hitler to discuss further the fate of European democracies. When the Berchtesgaden conference was over, Hitler observed that 'Chamberlain was a straightforward man. . . . one that he could understand.'

The two events, considered together, may well form another symbol —a symbol of the vanishing democracies in Europe.

RUSSIA, IN THE MEANTIME, occupied a strangely aloof position in a situation that, theoretically, was partially of its own making. The Prague-Moscow alliance was one of the major factors contributing to Czech crisis, yet in the innumerable backstairs conferences that went on over Czechslovakia's fate, the Russian angle was consistently played down. This, it now appears, was no great surprise to the Russians. For some time Moscow had been scenting a deep-rooted plot between Great Britain and Germany not only against Czechoslovakia, but against the Soviet Union itself.

In fact, bitterness toward Britain was shown in Moscow early in June. At a meeting of Leningrad naval experts on June 19th, the Soviet President Kalinin announced that Russia would build a war fleet 'not inferior to the British Navy.' The speech was not made available for publication until July 3rd. And, while a naval treaty binds Britain and Russia, it does not limit the Soviet Navy to any set proportion of the British Navy, as does the Anglo-German agreement. The *National Zeitung* of Basel pricked up its ears, at the speech, declaring:—

> Kalinin's speech was remarkable for the scarcely veiled challenge, or at least the emphasis on political conflict with England. True, Kalinin's words contained more irony than hate, as if he wanted to say to the English: 'You thought we were no good—now you are going to be made to see that even on your most particular territory you can't beat us.' But for British ears it was a challenge, all the more incomprehensible in view of the fact that just at the time efforts were being initiated in Paris to bring about a *rapprochement* between London and Moscow. . . . Now, in Moscow, friendship with Britain

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is quite off, and Kalinin's speech now looks like the overture to an intensification of the differences between the two States such as has not been observed so openly for ten years past.

What has happened that Russian mistrust of British policy should so suddenly blossom forth? It has nothing to do with any approach by Russia to Germany; the Kremlin sees in National Socialism, now as before, its sworn foe. But, on the other hand, Moscow believes that England has fallen victim to the latest German promises and that the Anglo-German agreement will in the last resort be directed against the Soviet Union. So far the Russians have only had to be witnesses of the, for them, shameful success which German diplomacy has had in making a breach in the 'United Front' of the two Western Powers as regards Czechoslovakia. . . . England is being very much more severely attacked because she seems not only to be sacrificing Czechoslovakia, but to be leaving Germany a free hand throughout Eastern Europe. It is the old Russian worry which always crops up whenever there is talk of a European conference taking place without participation of the Soviet Union. Already *Pravda* is suspecting that Germany will get her way, will force Prague to renounce the pact with Russia and thus isolate the Soviet Union.

Further evidence of Moscow's bitterness toward England is contained in *Izvestia,* the Soviet Government mouthpiece, which, in an editorial on September 8th, said:—

The plan for dismembering Czechoslovakia with the aid of a 'plebescite'—naturally with the calling in of a foreign army to 'defend' the voters from the Czech 'Terror'—is not a new one. But the curious thing is that, by choosing a 'plebiscite,' Berlin finds the correct means for excusing Britain at the decisive moment from intervening in the course of events. . . . Hence it follows that it is necessary for Hitler to provoke an artificial civil war in Czechslovakia as grounds for armed intervention under the pretense of 'defense' of blood brothers.

Russia's great and mounting Anglophobia will bear watching. Moscow has never forgotten that in 1918 Britain tried to put Koltchak in the Kremlin and crush the Bolsheviks. Since then relations between the two countries have never been amiable.

THE SINEWS OF WAR used to be men—and plenty of them. Now it is credit—and plenty of that. But the money marts of New York and London, chiefly concerned with the doubtful credits of Europe, have given little attention lately to the staggering costs of the undeclared Sino-Japanese conflict—costs, of course, which also must be financed.

While China's cost of the war has never been revealed—and it is generally believed that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is receiving Soviet support—Japan has officially declared that her invasion of the 'good earth' has been costing $5,000,000 a day for more than a year. This mounts up to a breath-taking sum, and has led to reports that

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Japan is so desperate that she is considering selling her national art treasures.

Significant, therefore, from a money point of view is the interview with Ernest W. James, Chairman of the Foreign Chamber of Commerce of Osaka and Kobe, as reported on the financial pages of the British-owned *Japanese Chronicle,* published in Kobe.

Prior to his departure for Vancouver last month on a holiday in Canada, the United States and Europe, James expressed confidence in the recovery of Japan's export trade and financial future:—

> The country which first decides to assist Japan by granting her credits, either in money loans or economic credit, is the country which will benefit the most after peace is assured in the Orient. The credit of Japan is good. Unlike China—a debtor nation for more than one hundred years, and who has never paid any debt—or most European countries, always 'borrowing from Peter to pay Paul,' Japan is one of the very few nations who has never defaulted on a debt, foreign or domestic. Those who believe Japan is heading for a collapse—a familiar anti-Japanese report, spread by propagandists of China—have their money on the wrong horse. It is true that there are economic regulations and they are all very strict. But Japan is not a European country, and consequently Europe's misleading judgments are from a European viewpoint.
>
> It may be a hardship for a European to wear wooden shoes, but it is no hardship at all for the Japanese—they have been wearing them from time immemorial.

AND IN CONNECTION WITH WAR DEBTS, it is interesting to note that a contract was recently signed between H. H. Kung, Chinese Minister of Finance for the provisional Hankow Government of China, and Soviet Ambassador Orelsky for the purchase of 30,000,000 *yuan's* worth of arms and ammunition from the Soviet Union, including 100 tanks, 150 armored cars, 2,000 auto trucks and 3,000 machine guns. Besides this cash credit, the Soviet Union is reported to have 10,000 men in the field on the side of the Chinese. Although Russia has never officially admitted these figures of her fighters abroad, nor made public the amounts of loans to China and Spain, it is admitted officially from Moscow that nearly 60 per cent of the entire income of the Soviet workers is devoted to 'national defense'—for a huge well-fed, well-dressed, well-paid army; a huge battle fleet, now being built (figures on tonnage are secret); and loans in money and materials to allies.

CANADA TO THE NORTH OF US, and Mexico and a half a dozen nations to the south of us, recently have been showing mounting Fascist tendencies. It is no secret that both Germany and Japan, and, to

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a lesser extent, Italy, would like to see a régime favorable to theirs installed on the United States' border and that General Franco's allies have definite imperialist aims in the old Spanish Americas. Under cover of a strongly nationalist campaign the more important pro-Fascist groups in Mexico, backed by the Mexican Employers' Association, are dallying with the idea of a German-Italo-Franco collaboration both in Mexico and in the so-called Iberian-American Anti-Communist League, fathered by Jorge Ubico, dictator of Guatemala, on Mexico's southern border. Starting point for this campaign is the identification of Cárdenas's New Dealish régime as out-and-out Communism.

Quebec, on the other hand, presents a less complicated picture; but a strange one at that. The Fascist Party to the north of us is headed by Adrian Arcand, a young French-Canadian, who looks very much like Sir Oswald Mosley, British Fascist leader; his chief aide, Major Scott, closely resembles Mussolini. The main planks of the Quebec Fascist party are anti-Communism, anti-Judaism, anti-Freemasonry —the old stand-bys. And although the Jewish problem in Canada is practically non-existent, Arcand's 'solution' for it is to ship all Jews to Madagascar—after the Jews have put up enough money to purchase the island outright. Fantastic and fanatical as that may seem, Arcand has won a following of 80,000 persons, has the blessing of the anti-Communist Catholic Church and the sanction of the Quebec Provisional Government, which has passed a law providing for the padlocking of any establishment that may house a Communist.

Fascist inroads into South America, meanwhile, are meeting with varying successes. Brazil, where the Integralists (Fascists) attempted to overthrow the Government last May, tried and sent to jail 159 plotters last month, charged with 'assaulting public buildings.' The severest term was ten years. In Chile, too, the Fascists met with reverses when they tried to take over the Government in Santiago in a *coup* that led to much bloodshed. General Carlos Ibanez, presidential candidate in the election this October, was seized as the leader of the *putsch,* along with 87 others who attempted to storm the National Palace.

Meanwhile, a Pan-American conference at Lima, Peru, this December is expected to bring forth widespread support of Fascism in Central America. Panama, strangely enough, is one of those expected to support the cultural and commercial influences of Germany and Japan in that country. Santo Domingo, already under a Fascist-like dictatorship, will be one of the chief Fascist advocates. Mexico, too, may join the Fascist bloc, along with San Salvador, Guatemala, Cuba, Venezuela and Ecuador. The only country so far objecting to

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the Fascist program is Costa Rica, which claims that it is 'already the most advanced country in Central America, and needs to import no foreign "isms."'

Peru and the Argentine, incidentally, will bear close watching in the next few months. The penetration of Germans into both countries is steadily growing. Peru itself may be expected to set up a dictatorship, based on the Nazi ideology, although little news seeps out of that country. From Berlin, however, come figures which show considerable though unsuspected German penetration into the two countries. In the Argentine alone there are now 237,655 persons of German-Argentine blood, of whom 43,646 are avowed Nazis. In Peru there are about 130,000 Germans, the majority of them Nazis.

FASCINATING BALI, romantic and favorite island of world-cruisers and their less fortunate 'armchair-voyagers,' today presents an enviable spot of peace and contentment in this weary, troubled world. For the Balinese have been granted home-rule by the Netherlands, wise and benevolent colonizers of the East Indies for the past three hundred years.

It was not until comparatively few years ago that the very existence of Bali was known to the amateur globe-trotters. Up until 1906, Bali was the last of the Malay Archipelago Islands to remain independent of Occidental rule. It had no Chamber of Commerce to publicize its charms or to promote trade. It craved neither tourists or commerce, which since have been thrust upon it.

True, many nations attempted to dominate the little island—which is about the size of Connecticut—but it was through a curious phenomenon that Bali finally yielded to the overlordship of the Dutch. A great Moslem invasion of the Malay archipelago had thrown nearly a million Hindus out of Java. They fled to Bali, now the last stronghold of Hinduism east of India. There, the Hindus settled—zealous, proud and free. Then, when European pressure was brought upon the nine Rajahs, each of whom ruled a province, the ex-Javanese remembered the kindness of the Dutch. It was better, they said, if they had to be ruled by Europe, to annex themselves to the Netherlands' Indies.

The Netherlands mothered the little island, and for more than 30 years kept a maternal eye on the Balinese, granting them a semi-independence. Knowing that the islanders were faithful to their own gods, the Dutch even kept foreign missionaries from its languid shores. Now Bali has been turned back to its nine Rajahs in what is termed 'indirect' rule from the Hague. And there peace and contentment are supreme. The 'super-civilizations' may well envy simple Bali!

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Squeezed out of the Danube basin, disappointed in Ethiopia and Spain, Italy turns to the Aegean and the Levant.

The Balkan Barrier

By 'NESTOR'

From the *Fortnightly*
London Independent Monthly

ON JUNE 3rd Virginio Gayda stated that 'Italy did not aim at making Albania a jumping-off ground for her expansion in the Balkans.' She believed in the formula 'the Balkans for the Balkan peoples.' As for Bulgaria, Italy always supported her just claims. With Rumania, Greece and Turkey, her relations were not yet what she desired them to be. 'Greece and Turkey seemed inclined always to follow the policy of Great Britain.'

Here, briefly and cynically, is a statement of Italian foreign policy in the Balkans—which should be considered as part and parcel of her whole Mediterranean policy. It reveals several particular intentions. First of all by denying any Italian aims in Albania, the author of the statement was merely fitting the cap to the Italian head. For as long ago as 1917 the operations of Italian forces, acting (and most ineffectively!) as the left wing of the Allied *Armée d'Orient* at Salonika, developed after the Armistice into a mere maneuver for the control of Albania as an Italian province, to be used, if need arose, as a jumping-off ground for activities and control in the Balkan States.

As recently as 1930 plans were in existence for a railway system which should start at an Albanian port, such as Valona, and run over the difficult country eastward to Sofia, thus short-circuiting the main Orient-Express line that runs from Postumia to Ljubljana, and so to Belgrade and Sofia. This line would have been useful for a flank movement against Yugoslavia. I have seen the actual plans for this railway in existence. But the enormous capital required for its development, *plus* the opposition of the Balkan States most intimately concerned, Greece and Yugoslavia, prevented its achievement. That is now ancient history. But the project is latent, not finally disposed of.

Secondly, the statement that Italy supports 'Bulgaria's just claims' indicates the usual Italian policy of sowing dissension and spreading mischief.

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For one of the organizations which is the greatest hindrance to Italian expansion in the eastern Mediterranean is the Balkan Entente. That grouping consists of Greece, Rumania, Turkey and Yugoslavia. But Bulgaria steadfastly refuses to become a member, although she lies embedded in the very heart of the Entente territory. The main reason for Bulgaria's refusal is that after her bitter defeat and collapse in September 1918 the terms of the Peace Treaty left her an inland State with no sea-access to the Aegean and a coastline of narrow proportions on the Black Sea. And a coastline on the Black Sea is, to all intents and purposes, an outlet to the Mediterranean only at the will and by the permission of Turkey.

Ever since the Second Balkan War of 1913, when Bulgaria, defeated by Greece and Yugoslavia, was forced to abandon her coastline on the Aegean gained in the First Balkan War of the previous year, a coastline which included the port of Dedeagach and that of Kavalla, she has bitterly resented being excluded completely from the Mediterranean. Today her only conceivable hope of access is by means of treaty rights and a free zone either at Salonika, Kavalla, or Dedeagach. This Greece will under no circumstances grant her. Consequently Bulgaria sulks in her tent and will not come out. And so Italy, quick always to seize on disruptive elements in Balkan politics, openly speaks of 'supporting Bulgaria's just claims,' although Italy was one of the enemies who helped in the Bulgarian defeat and joined in signing the treaties which denied her 'just claims.'

Italian mischief-making has in the last few years been so widely extended between the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic that her scheming in the Balkans has tended to escape notice. Yet in the Balkan States themselves no one has forgotten Italy. Greece remembers only too vividly the bombardment and occupation of Corfu in 1923. She also remembers Italian treachery in the Asia Minor campaign of 1921-1922. Yugoslavia remembers the intrigue that culminated in the assassination of King Alexander and the training camps organized in Italy for the Hungarian terrorists, one of whom was involved in the assassination. Yugoslavia also remembers Italian agitation in Zara and notes always her hold on the strategic islands of Lussin and Saseno, by which, under the Peace Treaty, Italy gained powerful controls in the eastern Adriatic. Turkey remembers that by the Treaty of London in 1915 Italy was given a sphere of influence in Asia Minor which virtually amounted to possession of the Vilayet of Smyrna. Turkey, looking at Italian fortifications in the Dodecanese, knows that Italian ambitions in Asia Minor have never been abandoned.

II

And so, on April 29th of this year, was signed the Greco-Turkish Pact which itself was a part of the newly-strengthened Balkan Entente between Greece, Yugoslavia, Turkey and Rumania.

Greece, in effect, is the fulcrum of Balkan foreign policies. For it is all a question of geography. The reinforcement of the Balkan Entente and the quite remarkable Greco-Turkish pact were the immediate result of European events. The German invasion of Austria, known to optimists as

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the *Anschluss,* had immediate repercussions in the Balkans. For the Balkan States saw only too clearly that, with German expansion in southeastern Europe, and with Italian ambitions in the western Mediterranean destined *ultimately* to be impeded as they must be by British and French opposition, Italy would seek to use her position in the West as a 'nuisance value' and be bought off by being allowed free play in the Eastern Mediterranean—or at least a greater measure of freedom, consonant with British interests.

Now, Britain has virtually no interests, in the diplomatic connotation of that word, in the Balkans. Whatever Britain may wish in Egypt and Palestine, or what France may wish in Syria, is no concern of the Balkan peoples. And so, when it became evident that Italy, as a result of the failure of her gamble in Central Europe and the Danube basin, and the approaching failure of her other gamble in Spain, would revert to her original policy of fifteen years ago, of domination of the Aegean and the Levant, or part of it, the Balkan States formed a small League of Nations of themselves for the purposes of collective security. So great have been the repercussions of the major European events of this spring that this portent has received scant attention. Yet for the streets of Athens to be decorated with the flag of Turkey is an event unparalleled in history since before the Greek War of Independence in 1821!

No wonder that Signor Gayda plaintively cries that 'Greece and Turkey seem inclined to follow the policy of Great Britain' and chides them as naughty children for not doing as their fairy godmother would advise. But under the cloak of 'following British policy' Signor Gayda really means that they have exhibited what is in effect open hostility and fear of Italian future policy.

The Greco-Turkish Pact of April 29th, which is to last ten years and which provides for the mutual protection of the two States in case of aggression, is one of the pithiest treaties ever signed; it is brief because further elaboration of its clauses might make the names and addresses of the potential aggressors against whom it is aimed all the more obvious. But the efficacy of this recent treaty depends largely on the internal policies of the countries concerned. What of the domestic situation?

III

Turkey stands now on her own feet and needs no Great Power to help her. Kemal has given her an army and a navy and an air force. Her people are increasingly industrial, and her untapped resources are astonishingly rich. She is a land blessed with assets. Politically, her people are as free as they have ever been and infinitely more conscious of their native virtues than before. There are almost none of the trappings of dictatorship in Turkey. There is no censorship of the post and press, no widespread secret police, no arrest without trial of ordinary citizens, and Kemal has no party organization. He is the head of his own political party, as are most Prime Ministers and many Presidents. His position is more comparable to that of President Roosevelt than to any other head of State. He is a wise and intelligent man who has

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no tyrannical intentions. His one aim is the good of his country.

Turkey is, and has been ever since 1920, on excellent terms with her neighbor Russia. She is on friendly terms with the other members of the Balkan Entente, and, as we have seen, close friends with Greece. Further afield her antagonisms are more clear. With Germany she has neither sympathy nor close relations. She has learned the lesson of the Great War, when she was dragged behind the German chariot into a conflict which brought her disaster. And today she sees the same menace approaching. With the German revival of the pre-War policy of the *Drang nach Osten*, Turkey, like Rumania, recoils in alarm. She sees once more the tentacles of Hitler and Schacht creeping along the line to Istanbul and so to Bagdad. This time it is the oil of Mesopotamia that is the objective. But Turkey stands firmly across the road, determined to resist any penetration of the kind that in 1914 made her Germany's vassal.

Her other potential enemy is Italy. With a powerful Italian fortress at Leros and Carpathos in the Dodecanese, and with Rhodes as a naval station, all these islands alike being within an hour's flight of the Turkish coast and a little more of the Dardanelles, Turkey realizes that she is the most vulnerable victim of Italian aggression. Even Constantinople is within the danger zone. But Kemal wisely built his new capital far inland at Angora, and it would be a brave Italian airman who attempted to fly over the difficult country to bomb it. Italian landings on the Asiatic coast do not alarm the Turk. For Turkish infantry is still the formidable war-machine that it always was, and in comparison, Italian infantry would be utterly ineffective.

Realizing her dangers in 1935, Turkey asked for permission to refortify the Dardanelles. That permission was at once granted by the interested Powers, and it is probably from that moment, 'when Great Britain took the lead in agreeing to the decision,' that we can date the firm friendship that has now grown up between Turkey and that country. The sinking of Russian ships last year by Italian submarines from Rhodes, at the very entrance to the Dardanelles, in front of the Turkish island of Tenedos that guards them, was the next fact that prompted a closer union between Turkey and Britain. For the Turks at once saw what such activities implied, and announced, unlike other countries, that any submarine found in Turkish waters would be sunk at sight. This quick decision, coupled with the Nyon patrol, and the use given by the Turkish government of Turkish harbors to the British contingent of that patrol, further cemented the friendship. The visit of the Turkish Navy to Malta last year demonstrated it to the public.

And now by a series of well-arranged measures British finance has entered Turkey for the exploitation of its resources and in the form of loans and credits. Dr. Schacht has been defeated utterly in his attempt to drag Turkey into the area which his commercial agreements have already reduced to vassalage. So no wonder that Signor Gayda remarks sadly that Turkish policy 'seems to follow that of Great Britain.' It does. Whatever Mr. Chamberlain may have intended by his Anglo-Italian agreement, affairs

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have taken British policy into a direction in the Aegean which is flatly opposed not only to German, but to Italian interests. There is now virtually a Turko-British entente. And nothing but good can come from it.

IV

But the other member of the Turko-Greek Pact is in quite another situation. Greece has had the misfortune to acquire a real dictator—General Metaxas, who came to power by a political *coup* on August 4th, 1936, and almost at once proceeded to import complete the pattern of a dictatorship from Germany, his spiritual home. He sent his experts to study the workings of dictatorship in Germany and has now imposed upon a sullen and still fundamentally democratic Greece all the trappings of tyranny, such as postal and press censorship, summary arrest of all his political opponents and complete suppression of personal freedom.

If that were all there was to it there would be little damage done. For a tyrant-ridden State may none the less be a powerful ally to a country like Turkey. Unfortunately Greece has fallen completely into the clutches of the German economic system. Her trade with other countries has fallen almost to nothing. Almost all her tobacco and grape crops, 'the main source of her wealth of Greece,' are mortgaged indefinitely to Germany. For Germany undertook to take over this produce and, unable to pay in cash, gives German goods in exchange. Greece has suffered the fate that Turkey has avoided. Turkey can get cash where Greece gets cameras, German toys and mass-made manufactured goods that she does not need. And Greece has no assets. She has hardly any untapped mineral resources and no untilled land which can be made to produce.

General Metaxas is thus engaged in an intricate and complex policy which is as inconsistent as it is unlikely to lead to the protection of his country. He knows, as every Greek knows, that Italy is the main enemy. He knows well enough that the superb harbors of the Greek islands, which can hold whole fleets safely, will be seized by Italy in the event of Italian conflict in the Mediterranean either with Britain or with any other Power. That is implied in Clause I, of the Greco-Turkish pact . There Greece undertakes to defend her neutrality by force against the aggressor of Turkey. And Turkey has no aggressor by sea except Italy.

But here is the paradox. Greece is hopelessly tied to the German cart and in consequence is an appendage of the Rome-Berlin axis. In the event of German aggression against Rumania and Turkey in the distant future, Greece would find Italy thundering at her gates, so as to use the whole Greek archipelago in an attempt to outflank Turkey by sea. What would her friend Germany say if she refused admission?

The policy of the Greek people by tradition is to defend herself by any means against Italy. The Greco-Turkish pact is, thus, a restatement of Greek policy as it has steadily developed since the Corfu incident. And British policy therefore must inevitably lead toward a closer friendship with Greece. The logic of events compels it, just as it has in the case of Turkey. In any conflict in the Mediterranean between Italy and

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Britain Greece must be kept free from Italian submarines just as it was from German submarines in the Great War. Greece acts as a kind of buffer State between Turkey and Italy, and an Italianate Greece means Turkish defeat as well as Greek subjection. It is equally to British and Greek interests to maintain Greek neutrality.

But until Greece can cut the cable that ties her to the German machine she will be a partner of doubtful worth both for Britain and for Turkey, let alone the other members of the Balkan Entente. And Greece can only throw off German control, which will of necessity increase rather than decrease, by modifying her Fascist organization and reverting once more to her traditional and salutary democracy. The moment she does that, British confidence and Turkish trust will increase.

When the moment is reached where Italy is finally checkmated in Spain—and it seems nearer than one might have expected—Italy will have only one policy of mischief left. Squeezed out of the Danube basin and the Balkans by the activities of her partner in the Axis, disappointed in Ethiopia, foiled in Spain, she will turn her attention to the Aegean and the Levant, the only sphere left to her. Here she knows the ropes; here she has already laid the outlines of a policy. She may well adhere to the terms of the Anglo-Italian agreement with some show of fidelity, for they concern only Egypt and Palestine. She will turn once more toward Greece and Turkey and an expansion of her interests in Asia Minor.

This serious contingency has been clearly foreseen by the Turks and as clearly by Great Britain. Britain has always to think of the Balance of Power as a dual balance, one in Central Europe, one in the Mediterranean. Italy today plays the rôle once played by Russia in that sea. Britain allies itself with Turkey, as once in the Crimean War. Turkey and Britain stand as a firm barrier between German advance south-eastward and to Italian expansion and aggrandizement at the expense of the Balkan peoples.

German rashness in Central Europe and Italian impotence in Spain have made the Balkan States look to their defenses. British firmness has its immediate repercussions in the Balkans. Any decline in that attitude will at once strengthen Italy's position in the Aegean and tend to the loosening of the friendship between Turkey and ourselves. Any concession to Italy will have the same effect. The Anglo-Italian agreement was held to be a document which merely set forth in black and white the points of difference and conflict between Italy and Britain. It has at no time struck Greeks or Turks as an agreement, except perhaps an agreement to differ!

We tend to make the mistake of thinking of the Mediterranean as several seas—the Spanish sea, the Ionian sea, the Adriatic, the Aegean and the Levant. There are no such divisions politically. What Italy does in Spanish waters sends ripples that break against the narrow gates of the Dardanelles and on the beaches of Syria. When we speak of the 'situation in the Mediterranean' we mean, quite simply, the 'activities of Italy' in that sea. And Britain, as the Balkan States know well enough, holds all the trump cards. Let us hope she can be forced to have courage enough to play them.

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A brilliant British philosopher looks at the progress of our modern 'civilization' and does not like what he sees.

Apes *in* Airplanes

By C. E. M. Joad

OUR civilization is in a curious predicament. Peace, prosperity and plenty are in our grasp; yet we seem bent on destruction. Mankind, having invented a most wonderful machine, finds that something is radically wrong with the works; science, which should have been our good fairy, has become our evil genius. For it is science that has invented the machine. Thanks to science, all the age-old enemies of man have been conquered —all except one.

Look back over the past of human life and you will see what a meager, what a sordid affair it has been. Man's communities have been at the mercy of powers which he could not control; they have been wrecked by fire and flood; they have been the prey of pestilence and disease. With the sweat of his brow, man has wrung a scanty living from nature.

Today, thanks to science, these enemies of human life belong to the past. Plenty and comfort are available for all if we could but learn to use the gifts with which science has endowed us. But we cannot, at least we do not, for there remains the one enemy which science has not and cannot conquer—the enemy within the gates, the enemy which is human nature itself. Human power has increased but human wisdom has stood still, so that while science has given us powers fit for the gods we bring to their use the mentality of savages, of madmen, or of robots.

Look for a moment at the wireless. Men of genius by the dozen, men of talent by the hundred labored that wireless might be. They succeeded, and with what result? The ether vibrates to the strains of Negroid music.

Or, to take a more sinister example, look at that airplane humming across the summer sky. The knowledge of mathematics, of dynamics and mechanics, of electricity and internal combustion, the ingenuity in the application of that knowledge, the skill in the working of woods and metals

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that have gone into its making are such as to suggest that its inventors were supermen; the intrepidity and courage which were shown by the early flying men were the qualities of heroes.

Think now of the benefits which the airplane might have conferred upon mankind; of how it might have brought all the countries of the world to John Smith's back door and made Bagdad as accessible as Balham.

Now think of the purposes for which the airplane has been and seems increasingly likely again to be used. To drop bombs that shatter and choke and burn and poison and dismember defenseless people, so that modern war has become, in the words of a lady novelist, 'a running away with one's children and a not being able to run fast enough.' These, it is obvious, are the purposes of idiots or devils. In a word, the supermen made the airplane and the savage has got hold of it.

Or consider medical science. Think of the skill which it has achieved in holding life in ageing bodies and repairing failing ones. Yet at the same time chemical science has achieved an even greater skill in shattering and poisoning them, with the result that in the last war civilization staged the spectacle of all the resources of medical science being used to patch together broken bodies in order that all the resources of chemical science might be used to blow them to pieces again.

II

Our power, it is obvious, is greater than our wisdom. Just think of the things that science can enable us to do. We can talk across continents and oceans; install television sets in the home; listen to Big Ben striking in North Borneo; travel on the ocean or under it at our pleasure.

Photographs speak and sing; X-rays are the windows through which we can photograph our insides; crops are ripened by electricity; hair is waved by electric current; roads are made of rubber; teeth filling is comparatively painless.

Yet we cannot, in the midst of our enormous cities, afford a little space where poor children can play in safety and comfort, with the result that in our desire for speed we kill one another at the rate of 6,000 a year and mutilate one another at the rate of 250,000 in England.

What a mad new world is this in which men can fly in the air like birds and swim under the sea like fishes, yet how to walk upon the earth they do not know!

Consider finally the case of machines. Machines were invented in order to relieve mankind of dull and drudging work. The ordinary citizen nourishes a dream wherein after three or four hours' machine-minding a day he will have produced enough and to spare, after which he will, presumably, have nothing to do but enjoy himself. But two things have combined to prevent the realization of this dream.

In the first place, the new leisure which the inventor of machinery has made available for men, instead of being distributed evenly among us all, is concentrated in the form of unemployment upon a certain number who do not want it, while the rest of us work as hard or nearly as hard as we worked before.

In the second place, instead of us-

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ing machines as our servants, we have grown so dependent upon them that they have become our masters. We cannot now perform the simplest operation of life without their assistance.

More and more the ordinary man delegates the functions of living to pieces of mechanism; he no longer makes music for himself, he turns on a phonograph. He no longer makes conversation; he listens to a talk on the wireless. Increasingly he lives a 'press the button' existence. To step on foot throttles, insert coins in metal slots, crowd through clicking turnstiles, turn on the radio, hurl oneself over the surface of the earth in mechanisms propelled by petrol—these constitute his notions of enjoyment.

Deprived of them we should be bored to extinction. Even as it is we do not know what to do with the extra time with which the increased speed of transport has presented us; for the sake of a few minutes we scramble madly on trains and buses as though it were a life and death matter. The average man will move heaven and earth to save five minutes and not have the faintest idea what to do with them when he has saved them.

III

Now look forward to a future in which the average man's dream is realized, and, assured of comfort and a competence in return for three or four hours' machine-minding a day, for the remaining ten or twelve he has nothing to do but amuse himself. What would his world be like?

Whatever land is left over from cultivation would be covered with a network of tennis courts or golf courses, or whatever kind of ground the popular game of the future demands. The roads would be covered with a mass of stationary cars wedged in a solid and inextricable jam. The coast-line will be ringed with a continuous series of resorts at which jazz bands will discourse Negroid music to tired sportsmen and their over-nourished wives.

A deluge of news carefully chewed so as not to arouse comment or to exercise thought will descend upon the defenseless heads of the community by every device of television and telephonotony that the science of the future may have been able to perfect. Man will have mastered nature and satisfied his material needs, but will be totally unable to find respite from boredom or a solace for his sick soul. Finally he will be driven to make life hard and difficult once again in despair at finding tolerable an existence where machines have usurped most of the functions of living.

You see now what I meant when I said that the enemy which remains for man to conquer is the enemy within himself. Potentially we are masters of the world, yet we are on the verge of committing mass suicide through sheer inability to control the powers that science has given us.

Mind, I am not saying that we are any worse than we ever were; merely that we have a need to be very much better—much better because we are so much more powerful. The point is simple enough. Give a schoolboy an airgun and he may break a few windows or shoot a sparrow or two; give him a modern rifle and he becomes a public danger. That is precisely what science has done to modern man.

How is the situation to be

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remedied? No doubt, the best course would be to increase our wisdom, but, unfortunately, the recipe for wisdom is not known. What remains? To arrest the growth of our power, the power that we do not know how to use? We could, of course, lock up the inventors, but I am not sure that it is necessary to do anything so drastic as that.

Suppose that we were to establish a board containing some philosophers, some scientists, some politicians and some 'men in the street' and charge it with the power of censorship over inventions. It would not prohibit inventions, but it would control their publication. No fresh marvels would be let loose upon the community unless there was some assurance that men could use them—use them, that is to say, without turning themselves into savages, or imbeciles, or robots. If we could only call a halt to science, if we could only, by some means, arrest this spate of inventions, then we might gain a little time to adjust ourselves to the use of the new powers with which we have been so embarrassingly endowed.

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Manners in Parliament

Recently, I took a Rumanian friend of mine to the House of Commons. The first thing that struck him was that English Members of Parliament speak one at a time. 'In my country,' he said, 'two or three of us always speak at the same time.' 'That,' I suggested, 'must be rather confusing?' 'Yes, it is,' he answered. 'The second thing that struck me,' he added, 'was when I saw a Member come in, bow low to the Speaker, sit down a few yards from the Speaker and quite deliberately put his feet upon the table. No Rumanian gentleman bows to anybody except his God and his King; no Rumanian gentleman even in the privacy of his own home, would put his boots upon the table.'

'But you see,' I explained, 'these gestures are not, as you suppose, contradictory, they are complementary; each of them represents homage to tradition. We bow to the Speaker because people have always bowed to the Speaker. We put our boots upon the table because people have always put their boots upon the table. Boots and trousers, at such a moment, cease to be personal belongings; they become representative, nay symbolic, of a long line of previous boots and leggings; placed upon the table, their outlines become blurred in the haze of history; one sees in their place the slim shanks of Pitt, the stout calves of Charles James Fox, the strapped trousers of Gladstone, the stocky boots of Bright.'

'*Mon Dieu!*' my friend answered, '*tout cela me parait grotesque.*'

—Harold Nicolson in the *News-Letter,* London

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An Indian Nationalist leader discusses India's problems; a British colonial expert warns against the dangers of the color bar in Africa; a French correspondent visits the Holy Land.

Trouble *in the* Empire

I. India Tackles Her Problems

By Jawaharlal Nehru

From the *Labour Monthly*, London Organ of International Labor

In INDIA the National Congress represents the nationalist movement and the nationalist urge of the people. It was started more than fifty years ago, as a small, very much anglicized group, principally made up of middle class persons, who spoke in very moderate and loyal language. It grew because it represented the nationalist urge in the people, fundamentally an urge against domination by a foreign government, which developed widely among the middle classes. It took the lower middle classes into its path, and during the last twenty years or so it began to approach the peasantry, which is the biggest group or class in India. When it did this, it became a real, live organization.

Mr. Gandhi's contribution to the Congress, his essential contribution about twenty years ago, was to bring the peasantry into the Congress. Thereupon its whole center of gravity changed. More and more we began to go to the peasants. First we came as persons who thought that they had nothing to learn from the peasants, but to teach them and tell them what to do. But inevitably we found that we had much to learn. We became interested in the peasant problem, which was no part of the nationalist movement. It might almost be said that we wanted to use the peasants in the cause of nationalism. We had started thinking in terms of developing strength to meet British imperialism, but unless the masses supported the cause of nationalism, we had no effective strength.

Inevitably, therefore, we had to go to the peasants. We organized them on nationalist lines, but the peasant

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question became more and more an important one to consider. Indeed the peasant, when he heard talk of *'swaraj,'* or 'freedom,' or 'independence,' interpreted it in terms of getting rid of his own burdens. Independence had no other special meaning for him. It was on these lines that the peasantry began to get organized and to become politically conscious; and on the other hand the Congress began to grow peasant-conscious.

The leadership of the Congress remained as before in middle class hands, but from the upper middle class it moved to the lower middle class. Even now it might be said that the leadership is largely in the hands of the lower middle class with a certain upper middle class sprinkling and a very strong peasant influence in it. Questions of the industrial workers have also influenced the Congress. They were not in it as such or as organized groups, but as individuals. They overlapped to a large extent with the peasantry. The workers' problems, therefore, came before the Congress, but it was the peasant problem that essentially occupied it. At the present moment, therefore, the Congress is a powerful, disciplined organization. The last eighteen years of consistent struggle with British imperialism have given the people a great deal of discipline and showed them how to work in unity. In fact, there is no other organization in India which can compare with it in its approach to the masses or in its strength.

The Trade Unions in India had a very checkered career. They mostly began about twenty years ago and grew in strength until about eight or nine years ago, when the Trade Union Congress broke up. That period coincided with a big civil disobedience movement which was crushed by the Government. The Government tried to crush at the same time all trade union activities as well as the nationalist movement. For two or three years the normal work was interrupted and the struggle gradually grew weaker.

There followed the Round Table Conference. This was an attempt to introduce some kind of constitution that would please most of the reactionary elements and might please other moderate elements, an attempt to unite them against the more radical sections in India. To some extent the British Government succeeded for the moment. There could be no immediate big reaction and they were able to pass their constitution. The Congress had been an illegal organization for many years. As soon as we were able to, we started again, regained our contacts with the peasantry and soon rebuilt our organization.

Elections under the new Constitution were held shortly afterwards. There was considerable controversy as to what we should do. If we had been strong enough, we should probably have taken a strong line to begin with, but we were only able to criticize and condemn. We decided to take part in the elections, generally because it gave us a very fine opportunity of working among the masses, but also because there was no alternative program for us. The question of whether after the elections we should accept any offices under the constitution or not was left undecided. We carried on a big election campaign, reaching almost every single village, and not only in British India. We did

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not go to the 30 million voters only, but to the 2 or 3 hundred million of the people, and the result was a great victory for the Congress. In these elections practically all the radically advanced groups worked together, which was one of the reasons why the Congress emerged so successfully.

II

Now the Congress, being a nationalist movement, inevitably has all kinds of people in it. Of course all those who are absolutely pro-imperialist are out of it, because it is an essentially anti-imperialist organization. But it has people who are very moderate in politics and very reactionary in social matters, and it has at the other extreme a fair number of Socialists, some Communists and others who have recently been coöperating with it. But the Congress also consists of a very large middle section which is certainly anti-imperialist, which is vaguely favorable to Socialism and which is pro-peasant, because of our work among the peasantry, and generally pro-worker too. It is this section which ultimately decides what the policy should be. Ordinarily this great middle section goes to the Left, and fairly far to the Left if there is nothing to pull it back. Naturally, the small Right wing tries to pull it back and to a certain extent is able to do so.

It should be remembered that the terms 'Left' and 'Right' are somewhat loosely used in India and have not the same significance as in the West. Thus a person may be very 'Left' or advanced in political and nationalist sense and yet 'Right' in a social sense. He may be a good anti-imperialist and may have a record of effective struggle against the British Government. He is respected for this and commands influence. This seeming contradiction arises from the fact that there are two parallel movements—the political and the social. The problem in India is to coördinate and integrate these two.

Apart from these sections there is Mr. Gandhi, who occupies a peculiar position. He does not belong to the Right wing, although they always seek his support, without which they do not count in the Congress. There is no doubt that Mr. Gandhi has changed the whole Congress, the whole nationalist movement in India. He has given it tremendous mass backing and tremendous mass strength. He has awakened people in India to an extraordinary extent and set their steps in a more or less revolutionary direction. He has adopted revolutionary methods, but he also attaches the greatest importance to passive and non-violent methods. He opposes anything that he fears will lead to violence, but apart from that his tendency has always been toward the Left. Whatever views may be held about him, there is no doubt that he is a tremendous power in India today. His popularity among the Indian people is no less than it ever was except among certain Leftist elements.

In the last two or three years there has been a crystallization of Socialist opinion in the Congress. This resulted largely from the increase in the numbers of Congress and came primarily from contact with the masses. But intellectually it also arose from the fact that many people went to prison and, while there, read a large number

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of books. When they were released, they discussed matters among themselves and gradually a certain Socialist group came into existence. Three or four years ago this gave rise to the Congress Socialist Party. This took place during a period of reaction while the Right group in the Congress was in the ascendency. The Congress Socialist Group immediately came into conflict with this Right group, but in such a way that it antagonized the large middle group and did not succeed, as it might have done, in carrying this large anti-imperialist group with it. About two years ago this antagonism lessened to some extent. The feeling grew that we must work together on an anti-imperialist basis, that otherwise each group was weak and powerless. We had to bring this program of anti-imperialism and independence in the forefront and, for the rest, to carry on propaganda. This was the position for a year or two prior to the elections.

III

After the elections, the Congress had to face actual problems. It was not easy to pass a resolution that would please everybody. The acceptance of office by Congress Ministers resulted in two different tendencies. On the one hand there was a tremendous feeling of awakening among the people, both the peasantry and the workers, a feeling as if a great burden had been removed and big things were going on. This resulted in big strikes among the workers, and among the peasantry in a ferment which took the form, not of any particular action, but of large-scale demonstrations and a new aggressiveness which they developed in dealing with their landlords, or with the police. They were not easily cowed. Where previously they might have put up with a beating from a policeman, now if he even spoke to them offensively, they would take umbrage and report the matter. Now, they thought, we have our own Ministers.

On the other hand, there was an obvious tendency on the part of the Congress leaders to become a little more ready to compromise. They were dealing with day-to-day problems, meeting the Governor and others and trying to find a way out—and it usually turned out to be a middle way. Sometimes when there was a conflict, the Governor gave way. But on two or three occasions the Governor remained firm, and the Ministers resigned. The issue was not, perhaps, a very vital one, but of great psychological importance. One such issue was the release of political prisoners. The Ministers resigned, but after they had done so, the Governor reversed his decision. The simple reason was that the Governor, the Viceroy and the British Government were afraid of a conflict. They saw that the nationalist movement had grown much stronger than it had ever been before and much better organized and were unwilling to fight it. There was also the influence of the international situation. It was very much against their interests to seek a conflict in India with the international situation in its present state. They therefore adopted a very unusual course for the British Government and actually climbed down.

One result of these resignations was that they had to reappoint the same Ministers. They could not hold fresh

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elections, which would have resulted in a bigger majority for the Congress, and risk an election campaign which would again have aroused the masses. The only other alternative was for them to set aside the Constitution and govern directly under martial law. That would have meant increasing the conflict, and they accordingly accepted the situation and drew back.

IV

One of the fundamental things of the Indian situation as far as the British Government is concerned is that the international situation puts the growing nationalist movement in a very strong position. It is uncertain, of course, how far that situation can be used, but everybody in India realizes that to some extent it will be used.

We have laid stress on two main things: first of all that any attempt to supplement this Constitution by bringing in Federation will lead to conflict. We are all opposed to Federation upon which we look as the worst part of the Constitution. Secondly, we have laid stress on the fact that if there is any outside crisis and war, we are not going to be ordered out to fight for the British Government. It is for the Indian people to decide whether they take part in war or not. It may further be said that they propose to take no part in imperialist war. That is a matter which is occupying the minds of British officials in India who are wondering what India may do, in a moment of crisis.

As far as our internal problems are concerned, they are getting very complex and very difficult; more and more social questions are appearing within the nationalist movement. The land problem is fundamental in India and cannot be solved under the present land system. The Ministries can go on functioning and can tackle other problems, but while this problem is postponed it becomes more acute. The Ministers have tackled it partly because they have promised to do so, and also for the reason that they personally want the support of the peasants in any future conflict.

In the same way the question of industrial workers has been tackled. Various committees were appointed and on the whole their reports were favorable to the workers. They recommended rises in wages and improvements in many other directions. In Bombay, which is the most industrialized province, the employers reluctantly accepted the recommendations of the Government and the committee and gave a rise in wages. In the United Provinces, however, the committee appointed by the Government recommended more or less the same changes as in Bombay, but the employers thereupon retorted with an aggressive memorandum rejecting everything recommended and criticizing the government very strongly as a partial body. Thereupon a big strike took place in Cawnpore, which has apparently now been settled, and the rise in wages has been granted.

Generally speaking, then, both the peasantry and the workers have gained something in standards, but, what is more important, they have gained considerably in strength and are better prepared to take part in big disputes. On the other hand, psychologically speaking, the Congress and the Congress Ministers have

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become less revolutionary, sitting as Ministers and carrying on the day-to-day work in coöperation with British officials. The two processes work simultaneously, the masses becoming more aggressive and more revolutionary-minded and the leaders less so. But ultimately what will count is the masses and their problems.

That, then, is the position in India today. There are internal conflicts developing inside Congress, but at the same time there is a stronger desire to prevent a split. On the other hand, the conflict with British Imperialism is developing on the question of Federation, and if there is an international crisis, the attitude of Congress will also lead to a conflict. It is unlikely that the British Government will do anything much in India, but it is possible that if they went far in the way of changing the present Federation scheme and the general government of India, they might win certain groups in the Congress to their side. However, even if there is no major conflict, Congress Ministries cannot go on functioning very long, unless big changes occur. So many occasions have come up for conflict with prominent British Government officials that the present Constitution is likely to break down.

India is thus, like the rest of the world, far from static, and all manner of dynamic possibilities confront her. Her present Constitution, imposed upon her by British imperialism, is essentially unstable and cannot last. Her people are engrossed in their manifold problems, and yet realize more and more that these problems are connected with international developments. Because of the strength they have developed, they face the future with a measure of confidence and look forward to the day when they will be strong enough to solve their social problems and play an effective part in preserving peace and freedom in the world.

II. Peonage in South Africa

By Sir John Harris

From *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

In ONE of his greatest speeches, made in 1926, General Smuts uttered a remarkable warning and prophecy. At that time the Government of South Africa was embarking upon its first definite color bar legislation debarring British subjects of any color—and solely because of their color—from attaining to any form of industrial or civic citizenship. General Smuts then warned South Africa of the danger; he said: 'The bill will be taken as an outrage not only by Black Africa but by Yellow Asia. . . . We shall gather on our heads the hatred of the whole of Asia. . . . We, a handful of whites, are ring-fencing ourselves first with an inner ring of black hatred of the whole of Asia. . . . In these circumstances the Color Bar Bill gratuitously produced here is a firebrand flung into the haystack.'

Are we of this generation to witness the fulfillment of this prophecy? That is the question which leaped forward in every discussion from the Cape to

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Bulawayo, from Bechuanaland to Zululand, no matter with whom the discussion took place—government officials, traders, planters, chiefs, native councils, natives on the highways, on farms, or in the locations and reserves. The answer to the question is 'Not just yet,' for everything depends on the decision of the House of Commons over the protectorates, because that is becoming the acid test. It is also 'not quite yet' because though the African is an ardent lover, he is a slow hater. But what is admitted to be true is that suspicion and discontent have increased disastrously since General Smuts's prophecy—and who can be surprised?

The native has become poor to desperation; the price of everything he buys—blankets, shoes, and clothing—has been driven up nearly 50 per cent, while during the same period his wages, in spite of South Africa's spectacular prosperity, have not increased by a penny piece.

Mr. Donald Molteno, M.P., has just returned from a tour in his constituency. During his tour he found that agricultural workers on a 60-hour week were getting halfpenny an hour and a few mealies, no land for cultivation, no rations of meat—only 'a bit occasionally.' This halfpenny an hour also gives the master the right to call in the labor of wife and children. That halfpenny an hour is £6 a year, out of which the wretched worker has to pay £1 a year poll tax!

The total acreage of land in South Africa is about 300,000,000 divided in the proportion of approximately six acres to every native and 131 acres to every white man—or 370 acres per head of the white population on the land—and nobody suggests that the whites have the worst land and that the best has gone to the native! Then side by side with this intense poverty is the continual passing of racial legislation; the pace has become so rapid that the native is caught in its toils before he realizes that it has been passed. This has added enormously to his discontent.

II

The demand for native labor, which in fact makes utterly absurd the segregationalist policy, is becoming the dominant economic motive behind all native legislation. Take the latest, 'The Urban Areas Amendment Act.' When this was first considered it was to be a measure to control potential undesirables, 'professional agitators, slum landlords, liquor sellers, prostitutes,' and so on. Now that the measure has reached the statute-book and is being applied, it is seen to be a piece of machinery for shifting natives away from urban areas to areas where there is a demand for labor even though the natives so moved may have no relationship whatsoever to territory to which they are moved.

These 'pass laws' superimposed upon mass poverty have accentuated native discontent; thousands of natives are being hustled into prison for pass law offences which have not the remotest connection either with crime or even with any desire to commit an offence. At the same time the revenue benefits to the tune of £500,000 per annum. But these irritations and injustices take second place with the native as a cause of discontent; the native is wise enough to see that they are but the inevitable result of the color bar. It would be an entire

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misapprehension to regard the color bar attitude purely as race prejudice and no more—it is much more.

The brightest feature in the situation is that in every territory and in every walk in life there are white men who realize that the present attempt to consign the native merely to the position of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water is indefensible and that something must be done to save South Africa from giving permanence to this native policy. But it would be a profound mistake to think (as some seem to be doing in England) that this scattered opinion is an organized force capable of influencing policy. True, there are some healthy signs of this in Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban. The Native Affairs Commission in its report, however, treats their opposition to color bar legislation with a contempt which is surprising only to those who do not know this statutory body of native defenders. They say 'the voting in Parliament on racial legislation shows their influence to have been negligible.'

The way of racial salvation for British, Afrikaans, Jews, Indians, colored and native people can never be found along 'color' lines. The surrender of the protectorates to such a policy would precipitate a clash of color which might lead, as General Smuts pointed out, to a position of the utmost gravity. The way of wisdom would be to postpone any transfer of the protectorates until some way has been found to remove the admitted causes of this widespread suspicion and discontent. Happily there is still time for men of good will and common sense to accomplish that desirable task.

III. Twice-Promised Land

By Rene Seguy

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Conservative Weekly

ONE morning last month I left Jerusalem with an American journalist to visit the Zionist collective colonies. I had found the air of the New Zion quite unbearable and rejoiced when we finally reached the grasslands, harsh and meager as they were. Our car stopped at a villa in a pine grove close to Jerusalem. That was the house of rest where the *chaluzim* (young pioneers), completely exhausted by hard labor and the harsh climate, retire to restore their health and strength. Most of them were lying in steamer-chairs or walking in the park. They did not seem to suffer much physically but the exhaustion on their faces tugged at my heart. All seemed utterly prostrated, dull-eyed and dispirited. It was with a feeling of compassion that I addressed a young woman sitting somewhat apart from others.

'Are you happy here?' I asked her.

'Very happy,' she answered drawing herself up, as if her pride were stung by my question. From where did she come, I wondered? From what dismal ghetto or smiling abode? It did not matter. I should have known that for true Zionists there is no other paradise than the promised land of

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Canaan. No matter what their situation is, no complaint will escape them, held back by stubborn pride.

On leaving I contemplated for a moment the Holy City. As Renan says, there is none more desolate on the face of the earth. And yet it was the cradle of three religions. For nearly forty centuries Jerusalem has lifted to the sky the variegated crown of its towers, minarets and domes, in defiance of all the materialistic explanations of history. And now the noise of progress will invade the stillness of the sanctuaries, as God's chosen people come back—without God.

Half an hour later we were at Kiriath Annavim, a little Jewish colony nestling among the cliffs. A man with glasses, wearing shorts and a shirt with rolled-up sleeves, met us. In spite of the unbearable heat we were taken on a tour of the farm. All Zionist colonies look alike; after a while one even begins to take for granted the courage, efficiency and orderliness of the pioneers. Afterwards our guide, who was a university graduate, treated us to a little lecture.

'What do your economists hope to get out of this region that has no soil nor water?' I asked him.

'Like almost all of the Orient, Judea does suffer from a lack of water,' he answered. 'That explains why, after love, water is the most popular subject for poetry in this region. The most beautiful scenes in the Bible, the meeting of Abraham and Rebecca, of Jesus and the Samaritan woman, have taken place near a well. Our first task before we settle down is to drill a well. But as soon as the water gushes out, we feel that our welfare and victory is assured. It is because of this faith that we see these sterile mountains as the happy land where rivers of milk and honey flow. . . .'

II

A short while afterwards we descended the last slopes of the Judean plateau and the plain of Sharon opened before us, with its lovely fields of barley stirred into silvery waves by gentle breezes. We made a stop at Ben Schemen, in the midst of magnificent plantations that bear witness to the natural wealth of that region. The atmosphere seemed gentle and friendly. The men went about their tasks willingly, while a group of young girls mingled games with their work on the farm. The beauty of the blooming gardens, enhanced by the season, added to the pleasant impression I received: Fénelon himself, I felt, would have liked this rural retreat. We were shown the dormitories, the bathrooms, the dining halls, study and game rooms, nurseries and the hospital.

'The life that we lead,' our guide told us, 'is simple and the discipline under which we work mild. Most of us are satisfied; but we are under no obligation to stay here, unless we want to. In order to understand Zionism, one must realize that it aims first of all at justice and brotherhood. Here, the land does not belong to any individual. It is the property of the community, and this collective sharing of life and property, even if it might have inconveniences, still presents many advantages for people of our race. Among other things, it excludes speculation and lust for money, which has brought so many reproaches upon us in the past. We will not allow exploi-

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tation. We want everyone to have equal material advantages; we hope to create a higher type of man, who will be socially-minded, physically strong and eminently humane.'

This is the spirit of Zionism. Stated this way, there is much that is seductive in it. What particularly distinguishes the Zionist colonists from the French peasants is that they insist on dominating and overcoming the land on which they live, instead of submitting to environment. They strive to break the age-old customs that regulate the activities of the fields. Every settlement is like a high-tension drill, with which a craftsman strives to shape a precious stone.

One cannot but feel that this return to the land of their ancestors is an act of faith which does not lack in grandeur. All the young Hebrew poets have sung this faith. Israel has lost the contact with nature that it had in Biblical times. It is now finding it again and its heart overflows in gratitude.

'Oh, Holy Land, for which my soul longs, may we together be reborn to a new life!'

Thus sings a Polish poet about the promised land. It is a curious thing, but this feeling for nature is only a new manifestation of the exclusive individualism of the race. The Zionist poet is not moved by the spectacle of nature but by the thought that it is Abraham's land, the Promised Land of the Bible. This new philosophy is not taken lightly. In exile, where the young people destined to settle Palestine are being prepared for agricultural work, the call of the land sounds stronger and stronger. A veritable revolution is taking place in the Jewish soul. And the tendency to turn from the cities to the land will grow more profound with time.

III

In the spring the plains of Sharon exude true happiness. It is an immense garden where all the perfumes of Araby are blended. When the Arabs leave it, will the Bedouin flutes sound again in the deserts the ancient 'Boabdil's plaint?'

But in the meanwhile, the Arabs are still here. Those whom we encountered on our way regarded us darkly and the children who played on the outskirts of the village shouted insults after us.

It is no fun to walk through Jerusalem in these troubled times. You feel as if you are passing between two rows of machine guns pointed at each other. I had a talk with the young secretary of the Arab Supreme Council. I expected and got a rather cold reception, because the Arabs generally reproach French journalists with being overly partial to the Jewish cause.

'What is Great Britain doing for us, whose interests she is supposed to guard?' he told me. 'She is betraying our interests and forcing us to submit to invasion. She has delivered us into the hands of strangers. We are reproached with having sold our land to the Jews. Can a starving *fellah* be accused of having sold his country because he sold his wretched lot of land to a foreigner?

'That, however, is not the question. A people's right to possess territory evolves from conquest, that is to say, the sacrifices they have made of their blood. The Jews have not yet paid

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their blood price and I swear that they will be made to pay it.'

Israel and Ishmael are, as we know, cousins, both of them descended from old Abraham. But never have cousins differed so greatly. One is all activity, calculation, method, discipline and obstinacy. The other is all laziness, fantasy, disorder and self-indulgence. The first one wears comfortable work clothes; the second one is dressed in picturesque rags, that he wears with amusing good-natured insouciance.

The Zionists have nothing but contempt for the picturesque Arabs. The Arab has been called lazy and with justice. The fault, however, is that of the climate, of the institutions and of the religion. Yet the Arab worker can do good work. He is more obedient and demands less than the Jew. But what use is it to work for more than your own modest needs when feudal chiefs leave you nothing of your earnings? One is inevitably forced into outlawry.

Now that the Jew and other representatives of the West have come, bringing new customs and methods, the Arab is beginning to awake. His pride is offended. He speaks several languages fluently, dresses like a European, plays European games and builds his houses with more regard for modern comforts. Nowadays many a Moslem woman no longer hesitates to lift her veil when she passes before windows of the fashionable shops. Even the *fellah* profits by the lessons taught by the Europeans.

It will be a long time, however, before they can hope to equal the efficiency of the ardent, resolute, well-disciplined Jews, who work in a community like bees in a beehive, methodical and untiring. The economic fanaticism of the latter somehow seems out of place in this oriental climate, so permeated with the spirit of submission and piety.

See the Jewish workers on their way to work. One would almost say that they are departing for battle. They remind one of the workers in the Soviet pictures, with that grand air of physical power and defiance that is characteristic of the epoch that is to come. The charm that the Orient has for us is, on the contrary, that of the distant past. It is strange and annoying to see the world changing so fast, even in this land which still seems warm with Biblical memories. When one sees the strand whence Noah launched his ark, the well of Jacob and the mountain on which Adam was said to have made his sacrifice, the Western man with his eternal bustling seems a *parvenu,* and the shiftless Arab more at home than he.

Yes, indeed, one would look in vain for two products of human species as opposed as the descendants of Ishmael and Israel, and it was a strange idea to enclose them in the same cage.

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The much publicized German *Volkswagen* plan is revealed as a gigantic fraud.

German Myth *on* Wheels

By JOACHIM HANIEL

Translated from the *Neues Tage-Buch*
Paris German-Emigré Liberal Weekly

A SOCIAL accomplishment of the first magnitude—a fitting climax to the endeavors of the Labor Front's Strength-Through-Joy organization!' So, recently, Dr. Robert Ley, leader of the German Labor Front, characterized the new German *Volkswagen*-plan, the grandiose scheme which is to provide every German worker with a superlative car at a minimum of expense.

Leaving out the flourishes, the plan offers the so-called 'People's Car,' priced at 990 marks (that is, $396 at par) on the instalment system of weekly payments of only 5 marks (about $2 at par). Subscription offices are to be opened in all the headquarters of the Labor Front. In large industrial plants specially appointed agents among the workers are to receive subscriptions. A wide-spread sales campaign is already under way. Acquisition of a car is described as at once a wise and patriotic act; by implication, failure to subscribe demonstrates folly and lack of patriotism.

There is no exemption, regardless of how low one's income may be. Those who earn from 200 to 300 marks a month ($80-$120 at par) are to take up individual subscriptions. Those who earn less are to join with their fellows in group subscriptions.

'It is the Führer's will,' explained Dr. Ley, 'that within a few years no less than 6 million *Volkswagen* will be on the German roads. In ten years' time there will be no working person in Germany who does not own a "people's car."' The entire Party press is running riot with superlatives. A new era of traffic is about to dawn—a new standard of living unfolds, the fulfillment of 'the German dream.'

The simple truth is naturally nowhere to be found in the German press. Yet it is obvious to the most casual economist that one of the world's greatest campaigns of fraud is under way. The far-famed *Volkswagen* factory cannot possibly produce these promised millions of cars in the near future; nor will the vast

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majority of the subscribers be able to take possession of their purchases. They may be able to pay the weekly instalments of five marks out of their meager incomes, but certainly not the upkeep, which will come to several times this amount. The entire transaction does not aim at the actual delivery of a car but rather at directing a part of labor's income into the coffers of the Labor Front. Moreover, the savings contracts sponsored by Dr. Ley have been characterized as legally worthless and morally unethical by judicial authorities outside the Reich. An examination of the contract form, which the German Party press reproduced in facsimile, shows that the contractual obligations of the purchaser are precisely formulated and unusually stringent; the obligations of the seller, on the other hand, are trifling and vague. This document is a legal curiosity and deserves to be reproduced here.

Rules Governing Application for a Volkswagen Savings-Book:—

1. The original *Volkswagen* savings book will be issued by the agent in the applicant's place of residence or work against payment of a fee of 1 mark. The book is made out in the name of the applicant and neither it nor the rights it confers are transferable. Acceptance of the savings book is equivalent to placement of an order for delivery of a *Volkswagen,* subject to the rules herein set forth.

2. Current instalment dues are payable at offices of the Labor Front or the Strength-Through-Joy organization which carry *Volkswagen* savings stamps. No liability is assumed for payments unless these are made against the immediate exchange of savings stamps in the amount of the payment. At least one stamp in the value of 5 marks is to be pasted in the book each week, such stamp to be canceled by the holder by writing the date of purchase thereon. A special premium must be paid in the case of open cars and cabrio-limousines.

3. Each car carries limited insurance against collision and public liability for a period of two years from the time the car leaves the plant, the cost of such insurance to be charged against the purchaser.

4. Payments must be made at the designated places of payment by the purchaser, though collectors may be employed.

5. When all the spaces in the savings book have been filled with stamps, the book is to be promptly turned in at the regional Strength-Through-Joy office in exchange for a new book. After the start of production an order number will be issued through the nearest *Gau* office. The final savings book is to be turned in at the Strength-Through-Joy office in exchange for a certificate of ownership. Lost or mislaid savings books cannot be replaced.

6. For reasons of technical improvement and consequent lowering in the price of the *Volkswagen,* no interest will be paid on paid-in savings.

7. Until further notice the *Volkswagen* will be produced in a deep blue-gray finish.

8. *Volkswagen* contracts are non-cancelable. In exceptional cases the Strength-Through-Joy *Gau* office may authorize cancellation. In such cases a fee amounting to 20 per cent of the payments made will be retained.

9. Inquiries should be directed to the nearest office listed in this leaflet.

10. In case of change of residence the savings book must be submitted for correction to the agent who originally issued it. (See clause 1.)

11. Tampering with the savings book is punishable by law.

12. Applications for issuance of a

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savings book may be denied without reason.

13. No supplementary agreements not embodied in these rules shall be binding.

14. In case of legal disputes the courts of the city of Berlin shall have the jurisdiction.

The first remarkable thing about this leaflet is that, in contrast to customary forms of contracts the world over, it fails to mention any price. This is no mere accident. The price, of course, is uniformly given throughout the entire press as 990 marks. No other price is ever mentioned. Dr. Ley even declared: 'The weekly instalments of 5 marks include insurance.' Any layman would be led to understand this to mean that the price of 990 marks included both the purchase price of the car and the insurance premium. This does not agree with clause 3 of the leaflet which specifically states that the 'cost of such insurance is to be charged against the purchaser.' The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, (no other paper mentioned this!) gave the cost of insurance as 200 marks for the first two years. Thus the car actually costs not 990 marks but 1,190 marks. At weekly instalments of 5 marks, payment is completed not in four but only in almost five years.

II

This, however, is the least vicious feature of the contract. Much more serious is the stipulation that the purchaser, from the moment of his signature, is absolutely bound to the contract and its weekly payment of 5 marks. The plant is not bound to any delivery date. Its only concession in clause 5 is an order number to be issued after production starts. Since, according to Dr. Ley, 'the first *Volkswagen* are expected to roll off the assembly line toward the end of next year,' the subscriber cannot hope to find out the approximate delivery date before early in 1940. Should he receive a high order number—even should delivery be held out for 1950 or 1970 or the year 2000—he would have no legal recourse nor could he cancel the contract. He would have to continue his weekly instalments of 5 marks. Even when he has completed his payments he would have to leave his money in the care of the Labor Front, earning not a penny in interest. The savings books cannot be sold or put up as collateral, since according to clause 1 'the rights are not transferable.' Even should the Labor Front deign to release the purchaser from this crushing contract—and remember, it is under no obligation to do so—it is entitled to 20 per cent of all payments made in addition to the interest it has earned.

Nevertheless, if Dr. Ley's 'savings plan' meets with even moderate success, the vast majority of these subscriptions must inevitably end in cancellation. Most of the compulsory subscribers will be unable to take possession of the car, since they will be unable to pay for its upkeep. The Nazi press is studiously silent on this point, except for Dr. Ley's vague promises that 'of course, we shall attempt to find rational solutions to the problems of garaging, repair shops and replacement parts.'

One does, however, learn that the *Volkswagen* is to travel approximately 27 miles to a gallon of gasoline. Even moderate use should bring the

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monthly consumption to over 25 gallons costing more than 40 marks. Add to this about 10 marks a month insurance from the third year on; garage rental which comes to 20-30 marks a month in large cities; the expense of tires, oil, repairs, parts, etc. In short, even with the most careful and moderate use it will cost at least 75 marks a month to operate the car—a figure which may easily rise to 125 marks with greater use and less care. Even the better-off employees in Germany cannot afford that sum, to say nothing of those who earn far less and to who Dr. Ley likes to address himself —mainly those who make from 500 marks all the way down to 160. Obviously, despite the onerous provision entailing a loss of 20 per cent in case of cancellation, most purchasers will not be able to take their cars.

III

Actually the great plant in Fallersleben was not designed to turn out the millions of cars promised by Dr. Ley. The official schedule of the plant, made public on the occasion of the cornerstone ceremonies last May, provides an initial production of 200,000 cars annually for the beginning of 1940, which is to be stepped up to 500,000 by the end of 1941. This, it appeared at the time, was the full capacity of the plant. Dr. Ley now puts the ultimate output at a million and a half cars annually, to be attained by the end of 1945. Obviously Dr. Ley's imagination has already superimposed a second plant upon the first, to be built in the seven intervening years. The 'largest automobile plant in Europe' within two months grew into 'the largest automobile factory in the world,' eclipsing even Henry Ford's record output by one half.

All this, however, if it is ever to come true—which may well be doubted—certainly is a matter of the far-distant future. Even if all Dr. Ley's pronouncements are accepted at face value, it still remains true that the factory cannot deliver a single car until 1940; that in the two years therafter it will be able to turn out quantities in only six figures and that an annual output in excess of half a million cars cannot at the earliest be expected before 1943 or 1944. The astronomical figures of this second stage of plant expansion are for the most part pure talk. Plans are not even in the drafting stage. The only thing definitely in view is the original plant, which is to complete the year 1940 with a total production of half a million cars.

The 6 million *Volkswagen* when 'the will of the Führer' is to place on German roads within a few years are pure humbug. The millions of 'voluntary' subscribers drummed up by Dr. Ley in German factories are no more reliable. Their contracts cannot be fulfilled in reasonable periods customary in commerce. It is known that Hitler anticipates a general economic boom as a result of increasing automobile traffic in Germany. Hitler's judgment on this point may be poor; at any rate it is not shared by his immediate entourage. Why, then, was the fulfillment of this 'German dream' tackled at this particular time?

Hitler himself gave an interesting answer to this question on the occasion of the cornerstone ceremonies at the *Volkswagen* plant last May. He explained it as a form of '*Ersatz*' production. The German public de-

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manded consumers' goods, in which there was a shortage and which could not be provided except at the cost of considerable foreign exchange. Instead of clothing, shoes and imported foodstuffs, automobiles were now to be offered since they could be produced at far smaller expense in raw material. Up to a certain point this is true. Automobiles cost less in foreign exchange than clothing, for example. But the saving is small and it may well be doubted whether this complicated method of 'consumer guidance' pays.

The matter appears in an entirely different light if—as now seems the case—the *Ersatz* product is not to be delivered at all. There is no doubt of the substantial 'saving' involved in drawing several hundred million dollars annually from the pockets of the workers while telling them stories of beautiful *Volkswagen* which they will never be able to enjoy. Such a 'saving' may well be worth the cost of building a factory—a factory undeniably a strategic value in war time and an asset in times of peace.

The Reich Government has as much trouble in getting its hands on domestic cash as it has on foreign exchange. Taxes in the upper income brackets have already been increased and are to be further increased. Apparently the new 'voluntary' savings plan is to take the place of tax increases for the masses. The two to three million subscribers anticipated by Dr. Ley will bring in the tidy sum of 500 to 750 million marks a year. During the early years the plant is under no obligation to render any commensurate service. As we have seen, it is legally obligated neither to deliver a car nor to repay the money. Thus—in case the subscriber should gradually grow impatient—an ultimate conversion of these savings into some form of Government obligation is unlikely to present much of a problem.

This is the true meaning of the *Volkswagen* plant in Fallersleben. The production of automobiles, which it conceivably may undertake some time in the future, is merely a sideline. With its halls, machines and warehouses it is in essence the gigantic backdrop for the world's greatest instalment swindle. Dr. Ley has described his system as a 'novel savings plan.' It is not quite so new as he claims. The courts frequently have to deal with firms accepting 'down payments' from their customers without delivering any merchandise. Heretofore this method has never been observed in the field of high government finance. Its introduction there is Dr. Ley's achievement.

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An elusive interplay of emotions is captured in a study of school life.

Esprit de Corps

By GRACE JOSLIN

From *Life and Letters Today*,
London Literary Quarterly

SHE tripped down the stairs: head held high, eyes alert, her puffed cloak suggesting to the young science master a perky, diminutive bird. The children lined up near the stairs made way for her. She floated swiftly and softly past them like a dark angel in their midst. Her small skinny form arranged itself on the piano stool, shoulders bent under drooping wings, a conscious pose. A stir moved the assembly. There was a subdued clearing of throats. She was the high priestess of the inner temple, preceded Ham, Old Ham, the great one.

Tense, rigid silence. The headmaster was descending the stairs, his cloak rising from movement like huge black flapping wings, and a beam of sunlight glinting the graying ginger of his head made little Alice Owers think of God, Jimmy Willis of the Devil.

'Good morning all!' boomed the Head.

'Good morning, Sir!' chanted the school.

The hand was raised, the hymn for the day announced. The hand signaled; with a nice precision she thumped out the first few bars: '*Summer suns are glowing . . . .*'

Little Alice Owers, who had known the words perfectly a few minutes ago but who could not now call to mind even the first word, felt her knees weaken. Soon he would bellow:—

'Will Form I sing the next verse alone!'

'. . . Yes, and will all who do not know the words please remain behind after assembly!'

All would look innocent, so he would call names. Terrifying thought! 'O God, please don't let Mr. Hamilton call me out! Please let him be in a good mood all day, and help me to remember things, Amen.' Safe now, everything going to be all right. Nice, warm, secure feeling, if only it will last. It is lasting! Don't begin to doubt and you're safe. Safe all day.

Ev-rything re-joi-ces
I-n the me-llow rays. . . .

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And Miss Gardner's fingers moving so surely, so competently on the keys. How she adored Miss Gardner! And how she envied Elsie King the ritual of the flower! Every morning, returned to the form-room after assembly, Elsie would rise from her place near Miss Gardner and place on Miss Gardner's desk a flower. Miss Gardner would smile: 'Thank you, Elsie,' and would tuck the flower in her belt. Elsie never got spelling mistakes and she could memorize whole chunks of Shakespeare and all the bits of Isaiah —or seemed to—at a glance.

'Elsie, know your scripture?'

'Gosh! I haven't even looked at it! Lend us your Bible half a tick.'

And then Miss Gardner's soft honey voice:—

'Elsie, will you begin the fortieth chapter of Isaiah?'

Then Elsie's voice ringing out with a beautiful fluent promptness, no hesitation, no fumbling. If only that could be Alice Owers, who had to be helped out with each sentence. . . .

Safe through the hymn! He wasn't thinking about Form I, something else on his mind. What had Alice Owers done lately? Had there been anything, anything not quite in order that could possibly reflect on herself? No, there was nothing—except cutting across the playing fields instead of going round by the path because Mother said to be sure and get home early as the lodgers wanted their meal early. . . .

II

The reading for the day. Miss Gardner clasped her hands, sat with bowed head, her habitual posture during the reading. The science master, whose mind betrayed him into similes, was reminded of a tame starling that used to perch on the back of a bull terrier. The dog had belonged to a college friend. Max. . . . He began to think of Max. . . . 'If a thing disturbs you, take it out and dissect it. Deal with the situation in cold reason.'

Strange that one should be bothered by these pulling, nagging, niggling fancies, this restlessness, this cussed feeling, one who had so enjoyed the assurance of his active, straightforward, healthy mind.

Impossible to be otherwise under the influence of that calm, firm, genial mind, that all-round complete encircling warmth. Yet even Max was vulnerable. He, Val Brierly, had hurt Max irremediably. Now he must face a life empty of Max, empty of the cool, calm, uplifting influence of Oxford, the all-inspiring feeling of tallness, of existing above oneself, of feeling more god-like—less matter and more mind—of being received into the atmosphere where one belonged. If indeed that had been. . . . No, merely the swing-back of a first impression. Max wasn't real; he was just a person insufficient unto himself, had to derive stimulus from another mind, had to be admired.

All transitory, all—everything. . . . Swans on the river, fly-tormented bullocks crawling down to drink in the cool of the evening, the shimmering dove-blue morning mists enveloping the city in a stealthy embrace, the mystic dimness of the library, vibrant with things about to be told, rich with the full and resonant voice of Max. A talk with Judith in the twilight on Magdalen Bridge, themselves vividly distinct in the blue light.

'I feel I can do big things with life.'

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'I *know* you can!' Her soft, warm, thrilling emphasis. . . .

And somewhere a bell tolling.

Judith facing him across a corner table in a tea-shop, her small-boy face appealing, crumpled up as though she were going to cry; himself sweating with apprehension, dreading a scene, longing for the courage to square his shoulders and say something beginning with: 'Look here, Judith. . . .' but picking his sparse words with cautiousness, hatefully embarrassed.

There had been no scene with Judith, no scene with Max, only they could never meet again, unless years and years afterward when the bark had grown thick. . . .

At least there would be no one to know him now. He was free, free, contained within himself. Resigned to become, like Miss Gardner, a part of a school for fifteen years.

Trooping downstairs with the other members of the staff at morning assembly, exchanging school talk in the staff room, standing on duty at the top of the stairs and bawling: 'Keep to the right, please!' Getting to know types, as Judith would have phrased it: the neat-and-tidies, the clean-shabbies, and the untidy-grubbies—he had already learned to distinguish them. A part of the school, a unit in the educational system, like Miss Gardner who, girt with the sword of duty, found pleasure in the will of the great one, 'Old Ham.'

Once he had asked one of a chattering cluster of little girls: 'To whom do you refer as "Old Ham?"'

Her chums, a little apart, giggled and sputtered among themselves, very red of face. The child blushed and begged his pardon. It was Alice Owers.

'I merely thought,' he muttered to cover his confusion, 'it was rather clever.' A stupid thing to say, for he had instantly divined the answer.

He did not know then that he had broken a psychological law of the school by addressing a private remark to a clean-shabby, and to a dithery one at that. The clean-shabbies were all either dithery or taciturn. Max would have persisted in addressing clean-shabbies, though he would have appreciated the intelligence of the cleverer of the clean-tidies and would have delighted in the untidy-grubbies—in the saucy little beggars' cunning sense of humor. But he would have been more interested in the clean-shabbies. They were often imaginative if not clever, their silence provoked interest. The clean-shabbies would scatter when they saw him coming, knowing he had a remark to fling.

Really, Max would have made, did make, the most terrible blunders. He was too entirely unorthodox. And individualism and unorthodoxy just didn't fit in here. One was not so sure they fitted in anywhere. Better take a pattern from Miss Gardner, that model of an official educator, an upholder of the tradition of the school.

III

He glanced at Simms on his left and Arnold on his right. Insufferable bores both of them: Simms talked gardening and Arnold talked of his domestic troubles. Hayes, the most tolerable of his male colleagues, talked capitalism and fishing. The female staff went in pairs and were for the most part self-consciously uncommunicative on account of his youth

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and his attractiveness. Actually each pair told each other privately how they would love to mother him, but he was shy, said the senior ladies, stand-offish, said the junior ladies.

The headmaster cleared his throat. He regretted that he had one very sad announcement to make. Sad, that is to say, from the school's point of view. They would all be very sorry, he was sure, to learn that they were going to lose Miss Gardner. Yet they would at the same time be very happy to know that honor had come to her. Her brother had been appointed mayor of a rich manufacturing town and she was going to help him in this great office by filling the place of the Mayoress. They must not be selfish, although greatly indeed they deplored the departure of one who had been with the school for fifteen years, but must try and enter into the joy of the honor that had come to her. He hoped that Miss Gardner would carry away with her very pleasant memories of the school where she had, so he hoped, and indeed was sure, been so long happy.

There was a general prolonged murmur of:—

'Ah-h—o-o-h!'

Many of the neat-and-tidy girls, overcome, sniffed. Little Alice Owers felt a great heaviness descend upon her. Never to be able to do things for Miss Gardner, never to be able to assume the ritual of the flower—and Elsie's family was leaving the district—never again to hear her clear honey voice saying in the tone she used specially to her own form: 'Now I hope you will all have a very nice holiday and come back happy and fresh and fit for work next term. . . .'

Alice hated holidays, for holidays meant separation from Miss Gardner and the school. She had to help mother in the house and she loathed it. She loathed the lodgers, black oily men who patted her on the head and called her 'Al,' or 'Lovie' and gave her pennies with a gesture that was a blow to her dignity. She loved the school, more especially because it contained Miss Gardner.

IV

With a doleful heart she climbed upstairs. Mr. Brierly, the new master, was on duty at the top of the stairs. In her preoccupation she made to go straight ahead instead of turning aside to her form-room. He pushed her gently back into line with a soft, impersonal: 'Keep to the right, please.'

He had a nice voice. Alice liked the way he said that. It was like a little bit for herself. Mr. Hayes would have bawled his worn-out cynicism about tying ribbons on each arm to distinguish right from left. She decided she liked Mr. Brierly. She hoped he would stay until she left school and for years and years afterwards, so that when she was grown up and Mother didn't take in lodgers and there were no grumblings about greens boiled over, when she was the wife of a clergyman who would be a school governor and attend governors' meetings, *then* she could shake hands with Mr. Brierly and say, in a voice like Mrs. Atherton's:—

'Ah, Mr. Brierly! It is so splendid to see you again! Do you not remember me? I was Alice Owers?'

She mentally rehearsed it for the rest of the day. That she subsequently failed deplorably in her algebra test is not remarkable; this meant deten-

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tion after school and she would not be home in time to peel the potatoes for the lodgers' high tea. Mother would be furious!

White and trembling, she stood at his desk at the close of the lesson.

'Please, Mr. Brierly, need I go to detention?'

He folded his hands, leaning forward on his desk like God on the Judgment Day.

'Is there any special reason why you shouldn't go to detention? Have you a train to catch or something?'

The same tone of voice, her tone of voice—soft, impersonal.

'No, but, but . . . no, I—I haven't really.' She would never be able to explain to him about Mother and the lodgers.

'Then I think you'd better stay.'

His tone was still impersonal. He did not see her as Alice Owers. He subconsciously recognized her as a clean-shabby.

She turned to go, heart thudding, cheeks red.

'By the way—er—Alice Owers—that's your name, isn't it? You'd better run along, Alice. Bring that work to me in the morning.'

'You mean that I needn't—needn't go to detention?'

'You may go home.'

She tried to murmur thanks, flashed a look of gratitude, but he was not looking. He was staring absent-mindedly out of the window.

During the lunch hour the senior girls were allowed to dance in the hall. A little group had collected around the piano and were quibbling as to who should play. As the young master descended the stairs, a tall girl of sixteen looked up with the bold challenging eye of a beauty. He had remembered the girl's name on his first day at the school: Joyce Marlowe. She belonged to the aristocracy of the school, her father a well-known local tradesman. Her voice rang calm and confident:—

'Supposing we ask Mr. Brierly?'

There was a murmur from the other girls, complimentary to her daring. Joyce waited at the foot of the stairs.

'Mr. Brierly, we were wondering whether you'd be good enough to play for us?'

None but Joyce Marlowe would have dared to ask, Joyce in her tailored gym tunic and immaculate silk shirt.

He smiled the slow, crooked smile that Max had found so attractive: 'But how do you know that I play?'

'Intuition,' she said charmingly. ('He looks like an artist,' she had declared in the cloak-room. 'He intrigues me, that man! Terribly attractive!')

But Brierly was chivalrous. He played for their dancing and they straightaway became his fans. He decided they were not a bad set of kids, really. He entered into their enjoyment and felt reconciled to the school, to the future, to life, the pendulum swinging beautifully, smoothly back into its former tranquil beat.

V

Miss Gardner halted as, after school, he swung round the corner of the gravel path. How like a bird she was, terribly like an intelligent bird! Miss Gardner of the school. . . .

But today her bright black eyes were chirpingly cheerful. They might well be! For the remaining few weeks she would enjoy the full reward of

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her dedication to the school, outburst of latent popularity with the school and staff. Even her younger and more popular colleagues would not enjoy the same measure of sweet leaving-sadness, emotional regrets, sad, fond glances, good intentions, that fell as her due. More specially because of the circumstances of her leaving would she be the center of a moony glamour, an elusive nostalgic atmosphere, fleeting and lovely. Had she not her roots in the school?

She asked him, as appropriate, how he liked the school. He liked it very well. So well situated, and such nice bright faces, better than he had expected.

'I think you've done very well,' he ventured, 'fifteen years! Allow me to congratulate you.'

'Many thinks, Mr. Brierly,' she twittered with the ironic skittishness for which she was noted, 'so you think I've done well, do you?'

'I think you've done very well indeed.'

She cocked a bright eye at the gravel path. 'Yes, I suppose I haven't done so badly, in a way.'

Nice boy, she thought. Pity she wasn't staying on. No, pity he hadn't come before. How she would have loved to mother him! She liked nice boys, especially interesting-looking ones—not the priggish, self-assertive kind. She noted with approval the absence of grease on his hair, its tendency to flop.

She felt warm and tender with a deep motherly emotion. How she would have loved to sew on his buttons, to make him change his socks when he came in from the rain, to send him to bed with hot lemon and aspirins when he had a cold! She envied the landlady to whom he was just a means of a livelihood. She envied the school, which would accept him as just another member of the staff. She wanted to shout:—

'Escape, while there's time! Do something! Do what you want to do! Suffer, but don't be suppressed, don't sell yourself, don't get your roots held fast in the school—don't let it get you! Be yourself, live yourself. Never mind if it hurts, never mind if it destroys you. Live! This person you see every day isn't I. Once I too was young, I, too, was afflicted. I never thought it would get me, but it did. You are young. You haven't hardened yet, haven't settled. Escape before it's too late, before the mask becomes grafted on! Once it's set you can't get back, even if you want to . . . and you won't want to. . . .'

But she only said, in her crisp twitter: 'Yes, I'm sure you'll get on very well here. They're quite nice children, more subdued than I remember myself at their age, but quite bright, though I find the lower forms need some patience to start with. And there are nice playing fields here, that is what I think makes a lot of difference to the rightness of a school. . . .'

And here a new aspect was presented to him: he saw the activity of his lithe athletic body on the lovely sweep of green. He remembered suddenly, as he sometimes did in his bath, that his body was a thing for which he bore admiration, affection and respect. And now he felt the school to be in sympathy with his body. The school was safe and sure, rendered him invulnerable. He was filled with a glow of gratitude.

They parted at the school gates. A nice little woman, he thought.

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Persons and Personages

Chamberlain Alone

From *Time and Tide*, London Political Independent Weekly

CHAMBERLAIN'S recent speeches have given the impression of a man so utterly tired and worn that the House, which is generous in personal matters, would normally have been moved to sympathy. Why then, was his own side so cold? Only two or three cheers could be raised even by his personal band of faithful ones.

Principally that is due to the growing feeling that the Premier's overwork is his own fault. He is surrounding himself with a vacuum. Hardly anyone is allowed inside the ring-fence to help. Even his corps of experts are kept at a distance. The favorite joke of American journalists to their British confrères is: 'Your Foreign Office these days is not even allowed to know what day of the week it is.' Allowing for exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that never in living memory has British foreign policy been kept within so narrow a circle.

It is known to all those who have ever worked with him that Mr. Chamberlain as a man is more sensitive to criticism than he allows himself to show in public. So we enter a vicious circle. As the criticism increases the Prime Minister retires more into his shell, is more inaccessible to those whose advice really ought to be heard in these critical times. Those who are most friendly to the Prime Minister feel this anxiously. This was one of the reasons why Earl Baldwin, the last man to want to interfere with a successor, was brought in. It was felt that he at least could get through the shell. He did, with results unexpected to those who had persuaded him to see Mr. Chamberlain. Beneath that shell he found a tortured man, but unassailable in his obstinate determination to go through with the line he has chosen. His argument with Earl Baldwin was: 'I believe this is the way to get peace!' The responsibility lies with the Prime Minister. The ex-Prime Minister felt that it should remain there.

The only actual claim, however, that can be made for the Chamberlain policy is that it has not brought war—yet. What the halting, depressed speeches of the Premier make clear is that still, after all that has happened, the Chamberlain policy is built around the shadowy Anglo-Italian agreement. He has made the amazing state-

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ment that the reason Spain had not been removed from the category of being a menace to the peace of Europe 'is not our fault and it is not the fault of the Italian Government. They have kept faith with us.' Yet that faith includes the continued landing of fresh Italian troops. Nor was the unsatisfactory impression removed by the Premier's references to Czechoslovakia. Just exactly what was Lord Runciman sent to do in Czechoslovakia? In a position of this kind much depends on the personality of the man. And the House of Commons knew Lord Runciman. It knew him to be a man of personal integrity and devotion to public duty, but it has had long experience with him as a mind of a curiously narrow type, with a special dislike for receiving information from subordinates or colleagues which does not fit in with the view he has decided to take of a situation.

In accordance with the new Chamberlain method, the knowledge even of this appointment was kept within the narrowest circle; even the Czechoslovak Minister in London only learned the news from the press. It seems as though Mr. Chamberlain has looked carefully at the dictators, and decided that publicity is the danger of democracy; that dictators have the advantage of working in secret.

In this he is reading current history incorrectly. The strength of the dictators is that they insist on everybody knowing what their policy is. If the people will not listen willingly, they are dragooned to the microphone. No one could have explained more emphatically and exactly what his policy is than Herr Hitler. No politician can show such a record of consistency in pursuit of these declared aims. The trouble is that the aims thus declared are so dreadful in their implications that the rest of the world does not want to believe that they can really be meant.

Mr. Chamberlain will not believe it. He has scrapped the League of Nations, and now in his speeches regrets that 'we cannot record any effective or active intervention by the League of Nations. So now,' said Mr. Chamberlain, 'we have to fall back upon the ordinary methods of diplomacy.'

But, alas, that is just what the Prime Minister is not doing; in fact, has refused to do. Ordinary diplomacy was at least conducted by experts. Some people feel that the League of Nations was an improvement on their methods, but at least, within their limits these diplomats knew their job. Now Mr. Chamberlain not only jettisons the League of Nations; he throws over all the experts and insists on running foreign affairs by his own amateur self—a man who has made it a boast until now that foreign affairs did not interest him; his job was public health and finance.

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Despite criticisms, the House of Commons is on the whole an intelligent assembly. Party questions aside, the House is disturbed. It knows that it would take a superman, an outstanding genius to do the double task that Mr. Chamberlain insists on tackling. It knows that the Prime Minister knows this too. But that fatal streak of obstinacy makes this personal policy a test of party loyalty. The Conservative Party, whatever else may be said about it, is loyal to its own. Hence the tragedy.

Plebiscite Expert

By A Former Associate

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

PIG-HEADED is the word to describe Joseph Bürckel, Hitler's Reich Commissioner for Austria. He is of the type found so frequently among the wine growers in the west of the Rhine Palatinate. That district is Bürckel's home: there he was born, raised and nurtured to greatness.

Bürckel has tremendous perseverance in going after his goal. At the same time he is full of peasant cunning, deluging his opponents with sneers and insults once he has them in his power. Brutal and merciless toward his enemies, Bürckel is unusually amiable—a veritable diamond in the rough—toward his associates. While he likes to strut as the God of vengeance before his political enemies, he never plays the boss in his intimate circle. Bürckel loathes the Prussian commandeering manner, but at the same time he is able to get the utmost in energy and zeal from each of his men.

He hates and fights the 'lickspittles,' as he calls the too submissive. He demands that everyone who comes to him speak his mind freely and openly. This, however, is true only of his associates: woe to those of different political faith!

Bürckel always knows his subject down to the smallest detail, and none of his subordinates can deceive him in any way. But he does not regard himself as infallible in his work.

Bürckel springs from a modest background; he was originally an elementary school teacher, but was dismissed for National Socialist agitation long before Hitler's seizure of power. Now he likes to play the man of the people. His strength lies, apart from his tremendous will power, his peasant shrewdness and his unceasing energy, in his unpretentious behavior and in his utter integrity in money matters. Bürckel is one of the few who will never live beyond their means, and

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who will never admit that his position in the Party may be utilized for personal advantage.

As a National Socialist, Bürckel is an outspoken fanatic, but one who appraises a situation soberly and includes every possible factor in his calculations. Then he goes after his objective without any scruples.

Lately I have been frequently asked whether I regard him as a really important man who will remain an influence in the Third Reich, or as one of those who are utilized in a specific task only, to be discarded when their usefulness is past.

So far as Bürckel's position as Reich Commissioner for Austria is concerned, he will undoubtedly have to go as soon as his mission is carried out. This mission consists in the destruction of all that was Austrian, and in the complete incorporation and absorption of Austria into the Third Reich. After the completion of this task, Bürckel, while he may not have to retire into oblivion, is unlikely to remain one of Hitler's aces. He will return to the Rhine Palatinate as a faithful servant of his master until such a time as he may again be recalled as a plebiscite expert.

Bürckel is a simple, if not primitive, character, unskilled at the intrigues that take place behind the scenes. He has a powerful friend and protector who—as a true master of intrigue—has let him reach the top! That friend is Dr. Robert Ley, the chief of the German Labor Front. It was Ley who secured for Bürckel the friendly interest and sympathy of Rudolph Hess and the two together then obtained Hitler's favor for their protegé.

When Hitler came to power, Bürckel was the Nazi *Gauleiter* in the Rhine Palatinate, in which capacity he carried out his task as Commissar of the Saar plebiscite. Today he has not yet been able to achieve the position of *Statthalter*—regional administrator. He is however, a Storm Troop group leader and a group leader of the Automotive Corps, thus holding a commission in the Army. Finally, he is a leader of the Elite Guards, much to the dismay of Himmler, who is his opponent.

The Rhine Palatinate is a poor and distressed area. Within the Party Bürckel was always regarded as the 'Red' *Gauleiter* because he propagated tendencies which were too far on the Socialist side. He never concealed his antipathy toward the big industrialists. One of the reasons why he is in the good graces of Dr. Ley is because he carried out with brutal disregard for the industrialists all decrees of the German Labor Front pertaining to improvements for the workers.

The Elite Guards, in contrast to the Storm Troopers, were from

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the day of their formation regarded as the exponents of the Right Wing of the Nazi Party—which does not mean conservative or reactionary. This Right Wing may be described, with reservations, as assuming an attitude hostile to the workers, while the Left Wing was friendly to them. Bürckel certainly has always belonged to the Left Wing of the Party. And if Dr. Ley has been interested in bringing Bürckel into the immediate entourage of Hitler, he did so, above all, in order to obtain more influence for that Left Wing of the Party in Government matters. Dr. Ley is the most prominent representative of this Left Wing. With the help of his protégé, Bürckel, and Bürckel's influence upon the Führer, Ley hopes to become a member of the Reich Government himself, that is to say, a Reich Minister. Bürckel, on the other hand, who is today a Reich Commissioner and special confidant of Hitler, hopes with the help of Ley finally to become *Statthalter* of an independent *Gau* of the Rhine Palatinate.

Bürckel will probably achieve his aim, but in doing so he will cease to be a force in the Third Reich. He is now an *enfant terrible* who is given the same free hand in Austria as in the Rhine Palatinate, where he rules as an absolute master. I regard him as too crude ever to learn how to behave 'at Court,' and to play the suave game of intrigue. Every time I had dealings with Bürckel in Berlin he was visibly relieved when he could go back home. Once, sitting in the train which would take his back to his beloved Rhine Palatinate, he said: 'This sultry lackey-infested atmosphere does me no good.' And he meant it.

Juan Negrin

By Jacques Ambrun

Translated from *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Political and Literary Weekly

IT WAS rather a surprise to everyone when Juan Negrin was elected to the post of Prime Minister of Loyalist Spain. Heretofore he had been considered more of a mediator than a leader—particularly a leader of such a country, at such a time! Yet now he is commonly acknowledged as the leading spirit of Republican Spain.

His election to the important post he now holds is a good thing in many respects, and, indeed, marks a new era in Spanish politics. In the first place, he is one of those Spaniards whose patriotism is not marred by over-excessive, foaming-at-the-mouth nationalism and to whom Europe is a reality. By education and by conviction, he is primarily a European. Unlike so many other Spanish politicians, who acquired their education in Jesuit schools, Negrin studied in Germany

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and Italy, before becoming one of the youngest professors in Spain. He speaks fluent English, French and German, and understands Russian. He has traveled extensively.

His versatility is exceptional. Besides being a professor in physiology, he is also considered an expert on financial and economic questions. Although he has no great love for money, he is a good businessman—even somewhat of a gambler. His many talents include a definite capacity for organization, which he has utilized in many fields: he organized that great nursery of Spanish contemporary thought, the *Editorial España,* and was one of the first founders of the University City of Madrid. Altogether he is that strange phenomenon, an active scholar, a curious mixture of scientist and business man, an intellectual and an organizer. He does not however, write much—nor does he speak well, which, it seems to me, is a definite drawback in a Spanish politician.

Negrin's presence at the helm indicates that the period of fanaticism and partisanship is over and moderation prevails. From the very beginning he carried on a fight against the excesses of fanatical crowds. The brand of politics he practices is in keeping with his temperament. His attitude to the régime that elected him has not a trace of subservience, but rather courageous acceptance. For him revolution means a biological and economic transformation of society, but he has too clear an understanding and veneration for law and authority to permit disorder.

Although he has been a member of the Socialist Party for twelve years, Dr. Negrin is not a Marxist. True, he was much impressed by the Russian experiment, but he has also been heard commenting on *Mein Kampf* in the liberal circles of Madrid with a freedom so characteristic of him. He has an entirely modern and pragmatic conception of politics. The discipline of the Socialist Party does not embarrass his freedom of action; he knows too much of economics and biology not to be realistic in politics. Clemenceau, Hitler and Roosevelt are perhaps the statesmen who have influenced him the most.

Although not a fanatic, Negrin is a fighter. From the beginning he fought passionately and efficiently on many fronts, with only one idea in his mind: to win the war. He fought in Sierra where he reorganized the militia. As a Minister of Finances, he fought bitterly to relieve the financial situation. As the President of the Council, he carried the war from the Brunete front to Geneva, where he pleaded the Loyalist cause before the League of Nations. Since he became Minister of National Defense, his duties have multiplied. He

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is everywhere, darting from place to place in his airplane until even his own associates can not tell where he is, often believing him to be in Valencia when he is already in Barcelona.

Altogether he is in his element. Organization and confidence—such is his favorite slogan. During the worst days of April, Negrin never once lost his smile. When everything seemed lost, he still insisted that 'to resist means to conquer'—a motto characteristic of a man whose gambler's instinct helps him to play a hand out to the limit. His optimism is a product of his ever-present vitality and a dogged conviction that a nation that has fought up to the point Spain has cannot lose.

Circumstances have caused this liberal to adopt the trappings of a despot. The carabineers, whom he originally helped to organize, have become a sort of personal guard for him and thanks to them he is able to enforce his authority. Now, even the syndicates, that fought him for such a long time, have rallied around and are supporting him, for he has come to symbolize to them resistance to the invasion. He is thus in a position of power which impresses even his Ministers.

A few months ago, while he was in Paris, rumors were circulated about a possible armistice. These rumors were not without foundation, particularly in Barcelona. Negrin quickly returned to Spain and met with his Cabinet: 'Who wants peace?' he demanded. Nobody dared to answer in the affirmative. And the Cabinet passed to the consideration of other matters.

Seihin Ikeda, Minister of Finance

By Kosuke Maruya

Adapted from the *Chuo Koron*, Tokyo Topical Monthly

I NEVER tell a lie. If I speak at all, I speak openly. I never say what I cannot say, for I do not like to have you report falsely by making equivocal statements.' It is Seihin Ikeda speaking.

Ikeda, the man, has been hidden behind Ikeda, the financier. The public appraises highly his sharp judgment and his power of execution in business matters, but knows little of him as an individual and as a man. On the stage of Capitalism he was almost always represented as playing the rôle of the villain. Yet he is a gentleman fully imbued with the spirit of *Bushido*—the chivalric warriors' code.

Ikeda was born in June, 1867, toward the close of the feudal days. He was to receive the influence of the feudal *Bushido* and to grow up with the development of Japanese capitalism.

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He was a rather sickly youth. His mother died when he was a boy and he was brought up by his grandmother, a very intelligent woman, strict in the observance of the feudal moral code. His father, a Samurai of a low rank in the service of Lord Uyesugi, was also very strict. Because of his delicate health, Ikeda, it is said, failed in the entrance examinations to the Naval Academy. He decided to become a newspaperman and then a politician. With that in view, he took a preparatory course at the Keio University under the great Yukichi Fukuzawa. Later, he was sent by the school to finish his studies at Harvard. His steady life in the United States, coupled with the highly nutritious food he received there, improved his health considerably, although he studied very hard.

Upon returning to Japan, he joined the editorial staff of the *Jiji Shimpo,* under his old teacher Yukichi Fukuzawa, who was also the owner and editor-in-chief. His assignment was to write leading editorials. However, after a month of underpaid apprenticeship under crotchety old Fukuzawa, Ikeda quit his job, resolving to try his talents in a different field.

He entered the Mitsui Bank, first as a clerk at its Tokyo head office. He gradually won promotions until at last he was appointed assistant manager of the Bank's Osaka branch. Thus began his long and distinguished career as a banker and financier.

Ikeda is a man deliberate in council and prompt in action. With this spirit he worked for twenty-four long years as managing director of the Mitsui Bank. By the Mitsui Bank's acceptance of the whole of the Osaka Municipal electric enterprise loan, amounting to 70,000,000 yen, Ikeda outwitted other banks in the acceptance competition. Again, the Mitsui Bank, under his management, boldly financed Ginjiro Fujihara's Oji Paper Manufacturing Company to the amount of more than 10,000,000 yen. But if he saw danger ahead in the Bank's remaining as a creditor of any loan, Ikeda lost no time in withdrawing it, even if he, on that score, brought upon himself the charge of having caused a financial panic, as when he suddenly and dextrously withdrew a 70 million yen loan to the Bank of Taiwan (Formosa).

His financing of 80,000,000 yen to the Tokyo Electric Light Company was another instance of his boldness. When the management of the electric company was later threatened with a financial failure, Ikeda, bold as he was, was somewhat embarrassed. His projected first-aid measure was to convert the 80,000,000 yen loan into foreign loan, to be taken over by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. As a second relief measure he mapped out a plan for causing the merger of major electric power companies in Japan. With this plan

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successfully—though not immediately—worked out, Ikeda could exert salutary control on the electric power business in Japan with the collaboration of the leading banking interests in the country. In this manner he succeeded in purifying the business atmosphere of the major electric power companies.

The public's charges leveled against Ikeda and the Mitsui Bank came not only from its opposition to their operations but from its repugnance to the Mitsui moneyed interests as a whole of which the Mitsui Bank is its financially central moving force. This fact Ikeda was sagacious enough to perceive gradually. Ikeda wondered if the existing state of moneyed interests in Japan was really right. What we value in Ikeda as a leader in Japan's financial circles is his wonderful ability to read the trend of the age as well as his power to act in consonance with the trend.

Despite his weak health after an illness, Ikeda accepted the portfolios of Finance and Commerce and Industry. The people around him, anxious about his health, advised him to refrain from overwork. But Ikeda, with his usual diligence in work, attends regularly his offices in the two Ministries of Finance and Commerce and Industry.

In his home Ikeda is a strict father. But because of his residence in the United States in his younger days, it appears that he will never restrain the freedom of his children. His eldest son is a horticulturist. His second son is a professor of the High School Department of Keio. The third son is a clerk working at the office of the Tokyo Marine Insurance Company. His eldest daughter is now married into one of the Iwasaki families, the richest families in Japan along with the Mitsuis. Old Ikeda need no longer be worried about the future of his children, except that he still must see his two sons, the eldest and the third, married.

Mrs. Seihin Ikeda is the eldest daughter of the late Hikojiro Nakakamigawa, once a great servant of the big Mitsui interests. She is a beauty and her assistance to her husband as a lifelong companion has been invaluable. But on matters of public importance she is seldom, if ever, consulted by her husband.

When Ikeda accepted Premier Konoye's appointment, he did not tell anything to Mrs. Ikeda until afterwards. Early in the day on which he was to be inducted to office, with ceremonies at the Imperial Palace, he was missing. He had left his house early in the morning in his car, which was loaded with toys, leaving no word with his family. Meanwhile, phone calls came repeatedly from the Imperial Palace asking for his presence there. Ikeda turned up, barely in time. He had been away to visit his small grandchildren.

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The veil is lifted from a mysterious group of islands in the Persian Gulf.

Oil *for* Whose Lamps?

By M. B.

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
German Coördinated Daily

'IT'S quite out of the question that you will ever get to Bahrein. The British don't admit anyone.' Thus the newcomer to Bagdad is informed by Germans, Swiss and Arabs. To reach Kuwait is equally difficult, he is told, since even envoys of States friendly to Great Britain are rarely able to obtain the necessary permission. As a matter of fact, truly terrifying things are reported about Bahrein: there are no hotels and no lodgings of any kind, except among the 'dirty Arabs;' there is no fresh drinking water and the climate is tropical —the dry heat of Bagdad seems like mountain air by comparison. When a visa is finally issued by the political agent in Bahrein, through the British Consulate, provided that lodgings can be found, suspicion crops up: 'This is just a disguised refusal, for there are no lodgings.'

However, a friendly British Consular official, asked whether it might not be possible to stay overnight with the American missionary, suggests sending a telegram to the Adviser of the Bahrein Government. The telegram costs a great deal of money, but the answer brings permission to put up at the Government lodgings.

The sensitiveness of the British about the Persian Gulf is nothing new. When a Russian and a few German merchant ships visited the ports of the Gulf before the War, the British Government was much agitated. To curb the danger, Sir Percy Cox was appointed British Resident in Bushire. An old political axiom says: 'Whoever rules India must hold the Persian Gulf.' In the sixteenth century the Portuguese were there with forts in Bahrein and Muscat. They were succeeded after an interim by the British. It was not easy to stand up against the flourishing pirate fleets. Pearl fishing and transport to Bombay had to be protected; the slave trade from the Arabian to the Iranian coast had to be curbed. Treaties with the coastal sheiks on both coasts were concluded. The coast on the Arab side was no

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longer called the 'Pirate Coast' but 'Trucial Coast'—a flattering designation that at the outset somewhat exceeded reality.

Since the War, however, and the growing strength of Iran, the situation in the Gulf has fundamentally changed. Formerly, there had been no difference between the Iranian and the Arabian sheiks. The chiefs of the tribes in Bushire and Linga had for years behaved with utter independence. Now they were suddenly confronted with the choice of submitting to the new strong rule of Reza Shah Pahlevi or of disappearing into the prisons of Teheran. Many did so disappear. The British were suddenly deprived of many petty pawns in the game of intrigue; they were now confronted with a single opponent, the government of Reza Shah.

One event affected them more strongly than any other. It was the fate of the Sheik of Mohammerah. Mohammerah lies almost opposite Basra, in the midst of an extensive grove of date palms, on the east side of the Shatt-al-Arab River, just a few miles north of Abbadan—that is, downstream from the largest oil refinery in the world, belonging to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The bonds of friendship between the British Government and the Sheik of this strategically important point were very close. One day the Sheik was taken away from one of his famous parties to Teheran—not in a car or with a luxurious entourage, but on the back of a simple mule. He was taken across the many barren mountains, across the desert, northward up to the capital of the Shah, whose requests he had failed to heed.

There was a strong difference of opinion about this incident among the British. The Indian Government in Simla wanted to help the Sheik. They reasoned: 'If we do not save him, then our agents on the Gulf will no longer have any authority'—for the British agents had promised their full support to the Sheik. The Foreign Office, on the other hand, desired above all else friendly relations with Teheran. The Sheik was sacrificed and remained in Teheran until his death.

II

This incident, which took place in the middle of the twenties, was only the beginning. The second phase came in 1931, when the Imperial Air Lines were restrained from flying over the Arabian coast. The third followed in April, 1935. It was the 'voluntary' transfer of the British naval bases of Hanjam and Basidu on the Iranian side to Bahrein.

On this occasion Sir Arnold Wilson, High Commissioner for Bagdad, and later Director of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in Abbadan, asked some uncomfortable questions of Sir John Simon, then Foreign Secretary: 'Has the British sovereignty exercised over one part of the Island of Basidu been officially abandoned? Is it not a fact that for more than one hundred years the British flag has flown there; that it has been repeatedly declared British territory; and has this point of view not often been expressed to the Iranian Government?' Sir John Simon could only answer: 'Local climatic conditions are unhealthy, and the place is not British territory. His Majesty's Government has recently decided that her interests in the Persian Gulf are best served by a trans-

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fer to Bahrein on the Arabian side of the Gulf.'

This question-and-answer game shows how unsettled conditions on the Persian Gulf are at present. England's position of power depends mainly on treaties of friendship and protection with individual sheiks. The Iranian Government denies that the Iranian sheiks have any right to conclude such treaties. But how far does Iranian territory extend?

Today the British are still in Ahwaz and in Abbadan, the beginning and the end of the Anglo-Iranian pipeline —not under the British flag, but under terms of the old concession acquired by William Knox D'Arcy in 1901. In 1932 this concession was canceled by Teheran. The case came before the League of Nations. Great Britain had to pay one million pounds sterling, increase the payments to the Iranian Government from 16 to 20 per cent of the net profit and agree to remit a tax of 9 pence on each ton of crude oil produced. This agreement was widely regarded as a defeat of Great Britain. In view of the Iranian policy of limiting British influence, however, Great Britain has maintained her position, though at financial sacrifices. Yet what are financial considerations when the oil supply of the British fleet in case of war is at stake?

In view of British interest in Abbadan, the quarrel between Iraq and Iran over the Shatt-al-Arab is of great importance to London, although it officially does not affect Great Britain. The Iraq-Iranian Treaty of 1937 settled the question of territory but the question of control of shipping is still to be solved. At present the yellow waters of the Tigris and the Euphrates on the coast of Abbadan are still under the sovereignty of Iraq. Abbadan is an alluvial lagoon island; the waters which separate it from the mainland are unsuitable for navigation. Iranian ships, therefore, have as yet no means of approach to the hundreds of tanks and pipelines, the chimneys and the towers of the city.

For years Iran has been demanding that the frontier run down the center of the Shatt-al-Arab. According to the Treaty of 1937, this point is still to be arbitrated by a Commission. Is the River Commission going to be Iraqian and partly Iranian, or is a third party to be included as an arbitrator? And if a third party is included, will it be neutral or British?

All Great Britain's energy is today concentrated upon the Arabian part of the Gulf. The pirate sheiks have become air and oil sheiks overnight. The extension of the new airline began in 1931 with the forced retreat from the Iranian side. Basra, Bahrein and Sharjah are now the main stops. Oil was first struck in Bahrein, then in Kuwait and in El Hasa. Today geologists are active all along the Arabian coast, down to Muscat. The field is divided between the British and the Americans and new concessions and treaties of friendship are being concluded. In 1936, the Sheik of Bahrein, Hamid ben Isah al Khalifah, made a state visit to London. In March, 1938, the Sultan of Oman and Muscat was received by the King in London. This Sultan controls the air base Gwadar, near the Iranian border, on the coast of Baluchistan.

III

Bahrein lies immediately off the Arabian coast, in its own large bay. Yet it is a bone of contention between

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Arabia and Iran. In 1937, Iran began to protest in Geneva against the British domination of Bahrein, supporting its claim by its possession of Bahrein in the eighteenth century. The League of Nations listened to the protest made by Teheran without taking a stand. Who could be interested in this barren island group with its dreadful climate?

When oil was found, of course, Bahrein became vastly more important to both parties. Iran has stuck to its guns. No visitor whose passport shows the British visa for Bahrein may cross the Iranian border. Direct telegraph communication with Bahrein has been suspended. England has answered with the expulsion of many thousands of Iranian workers, who inundated the island when twenty thousand men were hired for the building of the refinery. The act was justified as in the interests of employment for the native population.

Great Britain has every reason to cling to Bahrein. The Iranian part of the Gulf has been lost to her. In the north lies Iraq, an ally and friend, but nevertheless a sovereign State. On the Arabian side there are the friendly 'independent' coastal sheiks, but behind them looms the power of Ibn Saud. Who is to guarantee that he may not sometime in the future incorporate the entire coast into his realm, so frequently enlarged? Bahrein remains Britain's last and safest vantage point, with its oil resources and its airport, the best between London and Singapore. It is impregnable and dominates its surroundings.

The older generation, which has spent all its life on the Gulf, curses the Gulf and loves it at the same time; but a new generation has sprung up, living in the restless atmosphere of oil. They are the oil engineers—young Americans and Englishmen. The Gulf is merely a brief phase of their career, which takes them from California to Texas, Mexico, India and Bahrein. They erect derricks, lay pipelines and build refineries. Toward the Arabs they assume an attitude of contempt. They see only filth and backwardness and strange customs which they do not understand.

When the eighteen months or the two years of their contracts are up, they are visibly relieved. There is no feeling of attachment to the island where they have spent two years.

IV

Bahrein is a group of three islands. In the north there is Muharraq, formerly the main island, with the old capital, the palaces of the sheiks and the rich pearl traders, beautiful bazaars and a natural bay with many sailboats. When the British built a Customs House in Manameh, the most northern point of the largest island, Manameh became the capital. In contrast to Bagdad, the British have not spoiled the appearance of the island with modern buildings. They continue to build in the Bahrein style: wide and solid houses with terraces running clear around, to catch the slightest ocean breeze.

The Bahrein Government lodge has three-foot walls with deep embrasures and reed grass covers on the beds. The atmosphere is that of a Conrad novel. The white-clad boy who brings the morning tea comes from the Portuguese Indies. His uncle is the lodge's cook and boss. The house has been in operation for about four months.

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The guests, so far, have all been either British or Hindu.

A startling experience is the first unsuccessful visit to the Adviser. There is no one in the courtyard, the garage or the stables, no one to guard the staircase to the second story, no one upstairs on the terrace. The doors to the living room stand wide open: books, pictures, rugs—many objects of value—lie there openly, as further proof of the trust and security that prevail in this little island.

The Adviser, who has wrought this paradise, is the very tall and blue-eyed Mr. Charles Dalrymple Belgrave. He appears amazingly young for such a responsible post. He comes from the Sudan service, Britain's model colonial administration. The slogan there is not Westernization, but progress and improvement of the native customs and laws. Mr. Belgrave has applied the same principle with great success in Bahrein. He keeps order with a handful of British soldiers. The budget is balanced; streets, schools, hospitals are being built, sanitary meat and fish markets erected. Everywhere else in the Arab world the children suffer and are exploited. In Bahrein you see them at play. One of the important measures is the prohibition of alcohol, which is strictly enforced—except in the oil camps thirteen miles away.

The trip to the camp leads south through the date palm plantations. Gradually the palm trees thin out into the pure desert. Marvelous black asphalt highways lead across the desert; buses as well as taxis and high-powered private cars speed past us. To the right and to the left hundreds of small mounds are visible, burial places of a vanished, unknown people. The sky is white with humidity, the sun a hazy disk; it is steaming hot. The desert is a yellowish white.

At last the silvery outlines of gigantic gas tanks rise on the horizon. We approach the oil refineries: black derricks against a whitish sky, smoke-stacks, towers, air-conditioning equipment and a barbed wire fence around it all. At the gate a sentry of the Bahrein police is posted. He wears a bright red kerchief around his head, tied in a vertical knot. From the field office we go to the administration office, which is not in the refinery, but in the living quarters several miles away. Between the two there is a settlement of cottages for the native workers.

V

A young engineer from Texas shows us around. In one of the new cars we are driven straight into a lunar landscape. It seems utterly deserted. The crumbling crater mountains are not very high. The highest is no more than 400 feet, but in the evenly level landscape they appear aloof and vicious.

We drive to the first drill hole, bored in the winter of 1932-1933. There is little to see: a vertical black pipe in the ground, a dark shaft for the cooling water, two pipelines. Several delapidated houses are near this first well: the first administrative building and the first living quarters. They are six years old and already in ruins.

We drive to the new derricks. They are steel towers, a hundred feet high, housing the drill that bites into the ground. As soon as one pipe has disappeared underground, the second one is screwed on. Noisily the water-cooled metal eats into the rock, foot

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by foot. Until 1937, the drilling only went to 2,000 feet. This summer an attempt was made for the first time to get down beyond 4,000 feet.

We drive to the camp where the living quarters are located. There are one-story, one-family houses with three, four and five rooms—according to the salaries—with marvelous bathrooms and kitchens. The company provides all the furniture. Only books, rugs and pictures need be added, according to taste. New air-conditioned bachelor houses are still in the first stage of building. The meals in the community dining room are served by Chinese cooks brought from Texas. The hospital has an operating room and an X-ray department with the latest equipment. There is a comfortable house for the staff of six nurses.

We drive to the theater, the movies and to the club house. In one wing there is the school. Here the little American girls, with blond pigtails, sit with their eyes on the desert and learn about George Washington, who, it seems, was also interested in oil. We pass the golf links, three tennis courts, the cricket field and the swimming pool. The golf course is no cool green lawn. It is a piece of the burning desert, with built-in greens.

We drive to the refinery. A refinery can only be understood and enjoyed by oil experts. While the refinery of the Anglo-Arabian Company in Abbadan is the largest in the world, the refinery in Bahrein is the most modern. Here, the company has been even more generous than in the camp. The most modern methods have been used. Even two Germans were permitted to enter the mysterious island for several months in order to install machines which are constructed only in Germany. The refinery was built only two years ago, and, according to some critics, has been built much too fast. During the first year only the raw oil was piped across the narrow straits to Sitra, the third of the Bahrein islands, and into a tank buoy moored in the ocean. Today all oil products except lubricating oil—different grades of gasoline, diesel oil, fuel oil, crude oil—flow to Sitra by several pipelines. In addition, coke, gas and asphalt are produced for home consumption.

VI

Before the decision to build this refinery was made, one of those mysterious oil conferences took place in October and November of 1935. Little of it was mentioned in the press: participants were, besides the California Standard Oil Company, the parent company of the Bapco (Bahrein Petrol Company), the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, the Shell Union Oil, the Shell Transport and the Standard Oil of New Jersey. The subject of the conference was where and by whom the Bahrein oil was to be sold. California Oil possessed no transportation and distribution system of its own. The terms of the other firms were apparently unacceptable. Instead of coming to terms with the three large firms, California Oil decided to make a pact with its worst competitor, the Texas Oil Company. In 1938 Bapco became Caltex (California and Texas Oil Company). The refinery was built at an expense of 12 million dollars, and was enlarged even before it was completed. Thus a new, powerful oil competitor has sprung up to the east of the Suez Canal. For the year 1937 Bapco announced a net profit of 4

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million dollars, with a daily output of 25,000 barrels. The net profit of Caltex for 1938 is estimated at 8 million dollars.

On a trip through the Gulf it is possible to find out a little about the oil and drilling secrets along the Arabian coast. The main secret, however, remain unsolved: why do Americans and not the British drill on this island, for the protection of which England has spent so much money, thought and diplomacy? British statesmen, when questioned about Bahrein oil, studiously avoid this point. Engineers and geologists make innocent faces and know nothing. 'First come, first served,' they mumble with a smile.

If one replies: 'But the first one who found oil was an Englishman, Major Holmes! And Major Holmes offered the Bahrein concession to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Why wasn't he taken up?' the faces become somewhat embarrassed. 'Perhaps the Anglo-Iranian did not put much faith in the findings,' one engineer said. That does not sound very likely since the British Admiralty desires nothing more than to find oil on territory which is under the English flag.

But a second question may be added to the first. Why are 70 per cent of the engineers and executives in this American refinery British? Putting two and two together, a new question arises: Are there any secret agreements between the British and the Americans?

The Foreign Office can hardly desire to put the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, over the existence of which there was such a fight before the League of Nations, to a renewed test; and that is what taking over an oil concession on an island in the Persian Gulf, for which Iran made claims, would amount to. The Americans, on the other hand, are learning again and again that 'peaceful' economic imperialism is an illusion. It is not difficult to acquire concessions in foreign countries in exchange for good dollars. But it is frequently impossible to maintain them without an armed force once a certain level of production has been reached.

The Americans are nowadays becoming very cautious. The Mexican expropriations caused them to relinquish their own oil concession in northeastern Iran. In Bahrein the circumstances are much more favorable. Bahrein is the most important point of the British line of defense between Basra and India, which is protected by British ships and airplanes. There is no danger from nationalist tendencies. England desires less the profit from the oil than the security in the Gulf. Should the British need the Bahrein oil in case of war, they will simply buy it.

We see, then, that in Bahrein there has begun in all secrecy, without the knowledge and interference of American isolationists, a forward step to that Anglo-Saxon coöperation which both Governments desire, and in which the dividing line between economic and military policy is hard to draw. The British may prefer the well-seasoned cooking of their Indo-Portuguese cooks to the Chinese-American cooking; the relations between the American and English women in the camp may not be quite harmonious; nevertheless, it is apparent that coöperation and good fellowship between the men of both nations have succeeded.

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Hamlet in modern undress; Runciman holds court in Prague; Viennese refugees flee across the snow-bound Alps.

Miscellany

I. Alas, Poor Hamlet!

By Elizabeth Drew

From the *New Statesman and Nation,* Independent Weekly of the Left

[*With acknowledgments to the batch of school examination papers on* Hamlet *from which, phrase by phrase, this article has been compiled.* Editors of the New Statesman and Nation.]

HAMLET is a very peculiar play, but it is an illustration of the amazing genius of Shakespeare that he can muddle up all sorts of things to give a general effect. The people are not like anyone one knows, but Shakespeare knew they would appeal to the Elizabethan audience, and that was his object naturally.

There is a good deal of chance about the story, but Shakespeare's genius is such that it does not become recognizable until carefully analyzed. The whole thing begins with a piece of sheer luck, because if the Ghost hadn't happened to appear that night, Horatio would not have believed in it, and so the story would not have got to Hamlet, and he would never have seen the Ghost. And indeed, though the Ghost is important, it is, of course, only an external device for furthering the plot, inserted by the masterful hand of Shakespeare with his typical instinct for the right atmosphere.

At first we hardly know what it all portends, but it is evident that Hamlet is in a queer state, for his behavior is very peculiar right from the beginning. Of course Gertrude's crime would not be considered much nowadays, but it obviously distressed Hamlet extremely, as in those days it was regarded as incest to marry a husband's brother, and Hamlet did not like the idea of that in the family.

Meanwhile we are taken to the household of Polonius. Polonius is an interesting and indispensable character in the play, albeit a minor one. 'He is for a joke, or a tale of bawdy, or he sleeps'—how well we know the type! He is not a nice character, but of course we have to remember that Denmark was a truly rotten state, and that the court was all morally degenerate: it was a mass of plotting and

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scandal, full of people like Polonius himself, hanging about to crook the pregnant knee in the right places.

Added to this, Polonius was old, and though of course 'dodderiness' is excusable in old people, it is Polonius' fault that he has clung to office when he is far too old to do anything properly. No doubt he was doing his best, but like many old people, he did not realize that he was long past his job. Sometimes he becomes quite funny in his long-windedness, and perhaps Shakespeare may have meant him to be amusing in parts. But his curiosity disgusts us: indeed we feel as much disgust at his desire to hear other people's conversations as we do at the crime of Claudius, who had at least some sense of honor and knew he ought to *try* to pray. But Polonius always has some scheme up his sleeve for listening in on people talking privately, and thinking he can track the policy of the state by the aid of the weak fever scents of his own nostrils.

When, not solving mysteries he is dealing with his children, which he does in a very underhand way. He is so fussy and so sneaky that he can't trust his son to go to Paris alone—thought of course in Shakespeare's day it was common for fathers to set servants to watch their sons when away on visits—and he brought up Ophelia in a very unsatisfactory way. She has been far too much confined in the home, and has no views of her own on life at all. She is the true cowed Victorian daughter, and this was probably the cause of her madness later: for with Laertes away, her father dead and no experience to guide her, life must have been a great strain.

When we see her first, she thinks Hamlet loves her, but Polonius takes the obvious view that a Prince cannot possibly have honorable intentions toward a mere Prime Minister's daughter and that she must give him up. Thus Polonius is really responsible for Hamlet's peculiar feeling about women, for if Polonius had not made Ophelia reject him, he would only have hated his mother. Polonius arranges to listen to a conversation to probe the truth of the matter, though if he really wanted to know if Hamlet loved his daughter, why not ask him outright? Goodness knows why he should choose to spy on poor Hamlet, whose life was tragic enough anyhow.

Hamlet may be mad, but he is no mean thinker, and his opinions are well worth noting. It stands out clearly that he is a man well ahead of his time in brains and was not understood by his contemporaries in Denmark. Shakespeare does not put in his soliloquys for nothing, just to please the Elizabethan audience; they are meant to give us a view of his character, and are typically Shakespearean.

Well, Polonius arranges for the 'nunnery scene,' where he and the King shall overhear Hamlet's conversation with Ophelia, but Hamlet sees them and goes off into one of his excitable moods about women. It is clear that Hamlet has lost all his faith in them: he is so upset that he can't bear the very sound of women, and he condemns in round terms all those arts by which the female endeavors to ensnare the male. It is interesting to note how little feminine nature has changed, as Hamlet's remarks might equally well be made at the present time. If we follow Professor Dover Wilson, this scene is full of very foul

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abuse of Ophelia, and almost everything means something else, which is too bad, as Ophelia is really very sweet.

After the play scene, Claudius sees Hamlet knows his secret and realizes he is up against a dangerous man; but Polonius wants to do some more Nosey-Parkering and does not even stop at hiding in a lady's bedroom. Then, when Hamlet is in the full swing of talking loud and hard to his mother, and she is trying to calm him down, Polonius gives himself away, and Hamlet murders him. In one way Polonius got what was coming to him, but in another he is a tragic hero, who loses his life, as Aristotle says, through his one weak spot—his inquisitiveness.

This is really lucky for the King, as he can banish Hamlet and now Chance steps in again. Of course something must happen to help on the plot, but it cannot be denied that it was fortunate Hamlet carried about his father's signet ring with him, and so could add forgery to his other exploits, and also that a pirate ship came along and that Hamlet was the only one to get aboard, and that the pirates should just land him and no questions asked, so that he could walk into the churchyard and have a few words with the sexton. This brings in comic relief, which is because the tension is so great. *Hamlet* without comic relief would be unbearable, but it creates the atmosphere and is typically Shakespearean.

After that it is all dreadfully ironical and tragic, though devised with consummate skill. Laertes challenges Hamlet to a fencing duel with a poisoned tip, and Claudius put a pill in a goblet of wine and pretends it is a pearl. Then the Queen happens to feel like a drink, and takes the poisoned cup, which provides a fitting end for an immoral and worthless woman.

Then follows the rapid and catastrophic cutting of the gordian knot of tragedy, and everyone on the stage is killed except Horatio. Fortinbras's surprise when he comes back from the Poles to find the whole court of Denmark dead can be imagined. He says it is a great pity that so many princes have been killed over such a slight matter, but that it is an advantage to him as he will now be invited to take the crown.

II. Grand Hotel in Prague

By William Hickey

From the *Daily Express*, London Conservative Daily

NO 'GRAND HOTEL' novel could deal adequately with one of these Central European capitals when there's a crisis on.

Czechoslovakia is not Ruritania; but pure Oppenheim characters infested every corner of the lounge of Prague's Alcron Hotel, where the Runciman missionaries had been staying. Even perfectly ordinary or irrelevant people, there for their own good reasons, were lent mystery by the circumstances: that red-haired woman in the black veil, she was probably just a housewife from Bratislava come up for a day's shopping, but you felt she ought to be on a William le Queux vintage wrapper.

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You did know who some are. That red-faced man sells arms. He was in Ethiopia. What do Czechs want with munitions from outside, anyway? They have the Skoda works.

That brawny elegant with the imposing, 3-by-1-inch, upright-oblong beard had something to do with Skoda. He is a count, a loyal Czech, though such titles are not officially recognized in Czechoslovakia. On his uncle's visiting-card, they say, was engraved, 'Ennobled by Charlemagne, disnobled by Charles Renner' (Austria's first Socialist Chancellor).

That hoary, hygienic-looking American was there for his own news syndicate to see if there's going to be a war; if so, to arrange his covering of it. His verdict? 'Plans in abeyance, pending further information.'

Then there were the spies. They really do exist, though they must seem to normal people—and should be—as archaic as putting sand instead of blotting-paper on your letter.

Then there were the journalists. Well, I'm one of them, so I share their tribulations, which are plenty—this mission of mediation has got caught up in the old technique of secret diplomacy, with all its unforthcomingness, self-importance, momentary irresponsibility. The excuse is that 'One false move would . . . ' I think the rest of the line is usually 'plunge Europe in Armageddon.'

Perhaps it's more than an excuse; but the boys answer, (a) 'Would it?' (b) 'Don't make false moves,' (c) 'So what, we got to send a story.'

It is not the missionaries' fault. But I think they do overdo it a bit: they deny that such-and-such a meeting is taking place, and then when it does get out two days later it seems much more 'fateful' than it really was because of the hushing-up.

As I say, I share the newspapermen's tribulations; but I emphatically don't envy some of them:—

'Definite steps. . . . immediate objective.'

'No, make it "vigorous steps."'

'Hell, no, why? They've done nothing at all.'

'D'you think I can say "I am in a position to state. . . ."'

'No, make it "well-informed Czech Government sources indicate" . . . Waiter, three small beers.'

It is chiefly American papers which still insist on this style of writing.

Everyone acts as though every waiter were a Gestapo agent (some Central European ones are), as though every telephone-line were tapped (I don't think they are, here, yet: democracies don't usually run to the expense of the extra organization involved).

I always enjoy telephone conversations which go: 'I was talking to, er, our mutual friend this afternoon, and he said that something on the lines which you suggested is possible. . . .'

Nor do Czechs yet hide behind the sofa apparatus which records what you say.

Some Englishmen were 'fraternizing' one night with Sudeten-German Nazis. A soda-water bottle stopper blew out with a bang. Everyone jumped.

'Ah!' said the Englishman. 'The dictaphone's exploded.'

A Nazi (who had till that moment known no English) roared with laughter.

It is droll to watch English and Germans pretending not to know each other's language—on the chance of

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overhearing something or for fear of making a *gaffe*.

Some of us nearly died of frustration and anxiety one night. Lord Runciman, head missionary, always dined in the hotel restaurant. It would be 'grander' to dine in his suite; he eats publicly, unpretentiously. That night there was chablis on the table, a half-bottle of Bollinger '29 on ice, and a stranger was sitting with the Runcimans.

I (a newcomer to Prague) asked who the stranger was. 'Oh, just an unknown man with a chin,' said another newcomer. It was Hodza—the Prime Minister.

Lady Runciman had herself chosen and ordered dinner. She has homely, conventional tastes: tomato soup, sole meunière, chicken mayonnaise, mixed ice. According to the menu, they had only one carrot between them, which seems unduly frugal.

Probably Hodza was better pleased than if she had affected an elaborately Czech or English menu.

The head waiter was proud of the dinner; sadly proud. A week ago he was given notice; no reason was given. He is a Sudeten-German.

'Where are you going?' I asked, expecting him to say Berlin.

'To England, I hope,' he said.

'But why have they sacked you?' I asked him. 'Do you go in for politics? Do you belong to Henlein's organization?'

'Oh, no,' he said, 'I have no time.'

This afternoon a colleague of mine calling at the Nazi headquarters, found our head waiter there. He looked embarrassed.

After dinner, Hodza sat on and on and on. He was with Runciman for 3¼ hours altogether. Instead of putting—let's be frank—would-be eavesdroppers out of their misery by going upstairs, they sat bang in the middle of the lounge.

What's more, they seemed to be talking seriously. The significance of it was that Runciman had previously been spending much of his time off with pro-Nazis: Czechs' turn seemed now to have come, for he had seen President Beneš in the morning.

Dim men drifted singly to the next tables, seemingly busy reading papers. An excellent but now maddening orchestra played Mozart. Anyway, Runciman always speaks rather inaudibly, through his teeth.

Brows were wrinkled: are they doing it so that they may be seen to seem to be talking seriously? If they really wanted to talk seriously, wouldn't they go upstairs? What is the bluff?

Weren't we being too subtle? The Runcimans are a plain British couple. He is a quiet little man; he looks like Stan Laurel just after he's been sacked. She is a white-haired woman with a charming smile and a milk-and-roses complexion; she might have been talking about gardens or the servant problem.

At last they got up—not before Lady R. had shot several 'Dear, don't you think. . . . ?' glances at Lord R., who was much too polite to move first, though his hands clutched restlessly at his knees. The lounge, discreetly full, suddenly fell embarrassingly silent.

'Thank you for coming,' said Lady Runciman. 'It was very good of you.'

They moved out, Hodza turning aside only to bow formally to Count Janos Esterhazy, suave leader of the

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Hungarian (also aggrieved) minority. The lounge emptied at once. The Runcimans went up in the lift, the orchestra playing a gay Lehar Serenade. This is what is called being present when history is made.

III. Flight Over the Mountains

Translated from *Regards*, Paris Popular Front Weekly

AROUND March 12th some Alpine units of the Austrian Army were going through their maneuvers in the valleys of Montafon and Paznaun. Upon hearing news of the *Anschluss*, these Tyrolians, inspired by their traditional love for freedom, did not hesitate a second. They speeded on their skis to the Swiss border and crossed it to safety just as the German troops were streaming into Austria.

Others followed suit. For a week or two the tourist centers of the Austrian Alps were unusually active. New lovers of Alpine climbing appeared in the frontier villages by the hundreds and followed old ski trails up the passes of the Silvretta range, which overlooks the Swiss valleys of Praettigau and Engadine. They suffered from fatigue, hunger and vertigo, but there was no real danger. They spent the night in more or less comfortable tourist cabins. On the Swiss side the authorities did not ask for visae from Austrian subjects carrying membership cards of well-known Alpine clubs. There were as yet no police patrols over long stretches of the Austrian frontier and the refugees were able to pass its peaks, glaciers and snow fields without much difficulty.

After a few weeks of safety, however, the situation altered. The Nazis must have been enlightened about the exact nature of the new love for Alpine sports for the suspected part of the Austrian frontier was subjected to strictest surveillance. Guards were posted along the valleys surrounding Silvretta. Such villages as Ischgl and Geltur, in the valley of Paznaun, or Parthennen, in the valley of Montafon, became veritable traps for the refugees, many of whom, warned too late about the new measures taken by the Nazis, finished their adventure in the Dachau concentration camp. Yet the exodus continued; many braved the new dangers and got through, exhausted, harassed, half-dead with fatigue, but free.

It is hard to imagine just what Silvretta is like—an immense natural wall of sharp peaks and jagged ridges, rising to 10,660 feet high. Fifteen square miles are covered by the glaciers and snow fields. In some places the ice is 300 feet thick. Deep crevices covered by treacherous layers of snow crisscross this blinding desert, on which only the mountain goats and expert Alpinists can venture without danger. Yet women, children and old men have passed it, many of whom have never been on skis before.

There was a child of eight who arrived in Switzerland safe and sound, after having made the greater part of the voyage unaided, and the rest in an improvised chair made from skis, carried by companions over the most

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difficult points. There was, too, an old ex-officer of the Austrian artillery, forced to flee because he had the misfortune to testify for a Communist in a trial. There was a young mother who carried her one-year-old son on her back for three days, during which she never once consented to confide her precious burden to her companions. She was threatened with arrest in Germany and knew that her child would be taken away from her. She herself was quite a good skier.

'My main concern,' she told us, 'was about the little one. I prepared for him a big bag lined with fur and blankets, between which I slipped an electric pad attached to a portable battery. All this had to be done in great secrecy to avoid attracting the neighbors' attention. I even bought a little gas mask for the baby, thinking that the mountain air might be too cold for him. My friends carried most of my equipment so that I could devote all my attention to the child.'

I wanted to question her more about one of the most perilous climbs in the world. But her face hardened and to all my questions she answered with only one sentence, spoken in a tone of voice that told me exactly what she must have passed through: 'Never again will I put on skis.'

There is the story of the Viennese doctor who took a guide with him on an excursion. They reached the peak after two days of climbing. There, the doctor said to his companion, who wore a Swastika on his arm: 'I am not going back to Austria.'

'I know,' replied the guide calmly.

The doctor was very much surprised, since they had only exchanged a few words during their climb.

'One does not take along a big gold watch for just another excursion,' explained the guide, 'particularly if one already has a wrist-watch.'

'Did you know that I was Jewish?' asked the doctor. The guide nodded. 'Then why didn't you denounce me?'

The answer was:—

'I am a guide and not a policeman.'

This incident confirms what every Austrian knows of the traditions of these Tyrolian guides, who hand down their profession from generation to generation. Not a single one of the refugees has ever been betrayed by a guide. True, few of them have had the means to hire one.

It is impossible to calculate even approximately the number of those who have perished in this enterprise. The number grew from week to week as the Nazi net tightened about all avenues of escape. There are other difficulties. The maps which the Alpinists use are not at all exact, and often place a passage several hundred meters away from its real position. The frontier is marked incorrectly. Today these details, which once did not matter, have taken on a tremendous importance. The better-known passes are being daily watched. Only the highest zones are still open. The descent to the Swiss border is just as difficult. One has to follow a narrow pass between the cliffs, which is often obstructed by snow. And during the warmer weather there is the ever-present danger of an avalanche.

The exodus continues. The German agents in Zurich grow more and more exasperated as they daily identify the new arrivals as people who, they are informed by Berlin, have been missing—men and women who had to fight their way to freedom through an icy hell.

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For how long will constant retreat before aggressors preserve world peace?

A Left View *of* Europe

By JOHN STRACHEY

From the *World Review*
London Political Monthly

A COMMUNIST, like other people, when he looks at Europe, does not like what he sees.

A Communist, being human (he is, you know), is appalled by the spectacle of the Europe, and for that matter the world, of 1938. He sees what we all see. He sees that armament-making, and every other kind of war preparation, has become the major activity of every one of the great, highly civilized peoples of our continent. He sees that at the Southwestern end of the continent, in Spain, a particularly horrible combination of civil war and foreign invasion has been raging for the past two years. And if he lifts his eyes from Europe, he sees that another war is raging in the Far East. He sees also that a large part of the peoples of Europe, including the great and talented races of Germany and Italy, live under Fascist governments, which deny them all those civil and political liberties which the peoples of Europe had won by many centuries of effort. In addition to these more spectacular tyrannies, he sees the quiet degeneration of human society toward less free, less civilized, less humane, less developed levels of community life over great tracts of Eastern and Central Europe. If, like me, he has a wife and two children, he wonders what sort of world this is into which he has dared to bring human beings. He wonders what sort of a heritage we are all leaving for our children to grow up into.

Nobody, I suppose, no matter what his political opinions may be, can differ much about the tragic character of the above spectacle. But how widely we often differ as to what ought to be done about it! In a brief article such as this it would be hopeless to try and state what Communists think ought to be done about each and all of even the more pressing of the problems which assail us. Perhaps I can help to illustrate the Communists' attitude by writing rather more fully about one of those problems, and that the most immediate and urgent of all,

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the problem of how to prevent a new world war from breaking out.

There are, I take it, two conceivable policies by which Great Britain can make her contribution, and it is no small one, to the preservation of the peace of the world. That peace, which seemed so relatively secure even eight years ago, is now threatened everywhere and has been destroyed in three parts of the world, *viz.*, China, East Africa and Spain. Nor, I suppose, can there be much discussion as to the immediate cause of that triple breach, and that universal threat. Three States, Germany, Italy and Japan, whether for good reasons or for bad we need not discuss here, consider that they must found empires for themselves, or extend their existing empires. They would, no doubt, prefer to do so merely by means of the threat of war upon the States which they propose to annex, or the other empires which at present possess territories which they covet. Already, however, they have had to wage three minor, but sizeable wars in order to implement their policy of imperialist expansion.

II

Now it is quite clear that there are only two ways of attempting to prevent the outbreak of world war in such a situation. The one is to retreat before the aggressor. You must abandon small or relatively feeble states, such as Ethiopia and China, whether or not you have pledged yourself under such instruments as the League Covenant to protect them; you must put your blind eye to the telescope when Italy and Germany, in flat contradiction of their newly given pledges, send invading armies and airplanes in order to attempt to decide the Spanish civil war in their interests; and you must do your utmost to persuade or cajole small, but by no means helpless, States, such as Czechoslovakia, to give way to the demands of Germany, even though by doing so she will be put at the mercy of the aggressor.

This is the policy which the British Government has for the past six years, from the moment, in fact, of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1932, steadily pursued. It has involved heavy sacrifices; it has involved considerable sacrifices of British interests; it has involved, for example, the sacrifice of important British financial and commercial interests in China; it has involved the jeopardizing of imperial communications at both the Eastern and the Western end of the Mediterranean. It has involved far heavier sacrifices of ideals; it has involved the breaking of the solemnly pledged word of the British Empire under Article 16 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and in doing so has destroyed the League of Nations as a protection against aggression; it has involved the sacrifice of a British foreign secretary in order to placate a foreign government.

It has involved all this. But, it may be said, even if all this is admitted, has it not been worth it? Has it not been worth sacrificing all these interests, material, strategic and ideal, for one thing—for the sake of peace itself? If this policy has done this one thing, namely, preserved the peace, have not all the other sacrifices been well worth making?

It is certainly necessary to examine this suggestion with the greatest care. For, if it is well founded, then few, if

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any, would care to deny its weight. What, however, has the policy of yielding step by step before the threat of the aggressors actually achieved? Undoubtedly, it has achieved this. It has achieved the fact, that as I write this article, none of the great Powers are in a state of actual war with each other, though several are waging war with minor States. And I hope that this will still be true when you read this article.

Now, is this undoubted fact an achievement for the policy of retreat before the aggressors, which has been pursued, almost without interruption, for six years? I believe that, on the contrary, the undeniable fact is that six years ago, before this policy was inaugurated, there was no Power in the world which had both the capacity and the inclination to plunge the world into war. We are now approaching the point, though, as I shall submit in a moment, I do not think that we have quite reached it, where there are no less than three such Powers. In other words, the policy of retreat before the aggressors, far from having saved peace, even in the limited sense of having staved off world war, has been the one thing which has enabled these aggressors to put themselves in a position, material, strategic and diplomatic, in which it is possible for them to threaten to provoke a major Power to war.

If the policy of retreat, even at the price which I have listed above, had bought us the assurance of permanent peace, few would challenge it. Even if this policy had bought us six years of respite, without altering the chances of ultimate war or peace one way or the other, there would be many to defend it. Even if this policy had bought us six years of respite at the cost of making world war inevitable at a later date, there would be some who, though I believe foolishly, would defend it. But none of these hypotheses is in fact the correct one. What the policy of retreat before the aggressor has done is to create, as nothing else in the world could have done, the very possibility of world war. For it is this policy, which by destroying the League of Nations, by enormously enhancing the material power and the prestige of the three aggressor States and above all, perhaps, by giving them key strategic positions in the world, as in the case of Italy in Ethiopia, and Germany and Italy in Spain and Northwest Africa, has come near to so strengthening these States that they can challenge one or the other of the great Powers.

III

The alternative policy for preventing a world war is too well known for it to be necessary for me to describe it in detail. It is simply for all the States of the world which are willing, other than the three aggressor Powers (and, of course, including them, if they should experience a change of heart and, consequently, a change of government), to enter a system of mutual insurance, by which each one of them guarantees the integrity of the other. Thus the aggressors would be confronted with the fact that an attack on any state, whether it were a small State, such as Ethiopia, a large and supposedly defenseless State, such as China, a small but vigorous State, such as Czechoslovakia, or a great empire, such as Great Britain, would encounter the massed strength of a great

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and world-wide defensive alliance, designed for no other purpose than to keep the peace.

There are two questions involved here. First, would such a policy, if it had been followed, have kept peace during the past six years? And, second, would it keep peace, if it were adopted today? The first question can be answered definitely. It is notoriously easy to be wise after the event. But who can possibly doubt that if through the League of Nations, or outside it, if they had preferred it, France, Britain, the Soviet Union and (at any rate in the first case which arose) the United States of America, followed, as they certainly would have been at that time, by all the smaller, but by no means negligible, States of the world, had in 1932 stopped, by economic sanctions plus any other suitable measures, the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, the rest of the long tale of widening aggression would never have been told?

Is not exactly the same thing true of the aggressions of every subsequent year? If, in 1933 and 1934, Germany's open determination to rearm had been met by the united action of the States of Europe, accompanied by the adoption by them of genuine disarmanent for themselves at the Disarmament Conference, which was still sitting at that time; if, in 1935, the sanctions against the Italian aggression in Ethiopia had been pushed home, instead of being confined to those articles which Mussolini declared that he could do without; if in 1936, the ever-growing invasion of Spain by German and Italian forces had been sternly forbidden on pain of the provision to the Spanish Republican government of double the number of whatever airplanes, guns, etc., were sent in to General Franco by the Fascists; if in 1937, the extension of the Japanese aggression to China proper had been met by a world-wide boycott of Japan; if, in 1938, the German threat to Czechoslovakia was countered by support of, instead of menaces to, the Czechoslovak Republic; if, at any one of these points, a united resistance had been presented to the aggressors, who can doubt that the result would have been, not war, but the preservation of the peace of the world?

The Sybilline Books of the present world situation read like this. Yesterday, it would have been easy, completely without risk, to preserve peace by unity against the aggressor. Today that could still be done. Tomorrow it could probably be done. The day after tomorrow it could possibly be done, but if a war nevertheless took place, the aggressor Powers would be quickly crushed. The day after that the aggressors would have got so strong that the war, when it came, would be long drawn out and terrible indeed. The day after that the war would end in victory for the aggressors and in our defeat.

In other words, the continuation of the policy of retreat before the aggressors will, if it is continued much longer, make the preservation of peace difficult and hazardous. If it is continued still longer, it will make war inevitable. If it is continued beyond that, it will make not only war but defeat inevitable. Our present policy will not prevent us from having to fight. It will insure that we have to fight; and if it is continued to the end, it will insure that we have to fight without ideals and without allies.

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Three writers—representing England, Soviet Russia and France—discuss various aspects of Europe's intellectual life with its doubts and uncertainties.

Twilight *of the* Muses

I. Decline of Letters

From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

NOT long ago I had a letter from a friend of mine, an author of considerable standing in a European country whose literature is one of the greatest; and this letter contained the following sentence:—

> One no longer knows what to do and, as for myself, it seems to me that art, poetry and literature are losing something of their old enchantment and value, for us and for the public.

This was a confirmation of my own conviction that all over Europe there is a growing uneasiness, among those who seriously care for such things, about the present state and the future of letters.

There have been other confirmations since. Dr. Granville Barker's presidential address to the English Association 'warned his hearers that the consequence of allowing literature to become a mere industry could be nothing but a "veneered barbarism."'

Further, three books have recently appeared which, in different ways and from different angles, emphasize the same fears—Virginia Woolf's *Three Guineas*, Mr. Herbert Read's *Poetry and Anarchism*, and M. Georges Duhamel's *In Defense of Letters*. M. Duhamel deals very largely with the menace to serious reading from the competition of other forms of communication and from commercialism; Mr. Herbert Read is chiefly concerned with the menace to literary art from the application of authoritarian ideologies, both Right and Left, to the function of the artist; and Mrs. Woolf roundly denounces what she calls the 'intellectual harlotry' of today and invites her fellow-women to break the vicious ring.

Let us take first the author's point

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of view, on the understanding that by 'author' we mean a man (or woman) of letters—one, that is, who practices and regards literature, whether in prose or poetry, as a serious art, not merely as a potential means of making money.

It seems to me, then, that the author today, looking at the conditions in which he has to practice, might put his distress in the form of various propositions. For instance:—

(*a*) that interest in literature, or *belles lettres*, as an art or intellectual activity is almost dead and certainly dying;

(*b*) that the taste of a cultivated public, which once was the standard, has been submerged by the demands of a vast and less cultivated public for what may be called, broadly speaking, entertainment, and that the taste of this public is now the standard;

(*c*) that there is little inducement now to write anything which does not answer the immediate purpose of entertainment or, alternatively, propagate the views of non-literary interests (financial, political, or ideological).

In support of (*a*) he might point out the very small place, in comparison with other days, now allowed in conversation, periodicals and books to literature, or *belles lettres*, as formerly understood; and, if asked more definitely to state what he missed, he might reply that it was the general atmosphere of understanding, acceptance and curiosity in which Dryden's essays were eagerly read, Dr. Johnson's conversation enjoyed and Coleridge's lectures listened to, and the appearance of a great book seemed a notable and lasting event.

As an illustration of proposition (*b*) the author could point to the extinction of certain more delicate forms of literary art—the essay, the *causerie*, the non-mystical fantasy, the witty and elusive satire—and to the successive deaths, since the War, of several periodicals, quarterly, monthly and weekly, which had once been well supported for their high literary quality.

Thirdly, as regards proposition (*c*), the author could make an abundant case, by inference, from the giant-lettered advertisements of books, from a survey of the 'best sellers' of the day and from the experiences of his fellow-authors to prove his proposition, which means, in other words, that the quantity standard now dominates the literary market and that quality, unaccompanied by a strong potential selling factor, is of no avail to an author who wishes (quite apart from earning a livelihood) to find an audience.

It is easy, of course, by cheap sneers and by imputations of failure and unadaptability, to discount any artist's complaint of his own times. Nevertheless, however hardly pressed on such lines, our author could, in my opinion, stand his ground. If twitted with mere nostalgia for a bygone day when a small and highly cultivated public, swayed by 'pundits,' existed beautifully on top of the masses wallowing in abysmal ignorance, and with entirely failing to appreciate the immense improvement in the general level of culture which has occurred in the last fifty years, he could reply that he is blind neither to the abuses of oligarchy, nor to the advantages of democracy, in taste.

Yet, admitting the benefits of many changes, the brisker mental tone, the quick spread of information and the decline (perhaps) of idolatry and

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mahatmadom in letters, he would still maintain the *canto fermo* of his complaint: The standards have been destroyed and the values adulterated; the republic of letters has been taken over by dictatorships, commercial and ideological; and, while the activity of writing is more and more made use of, the art of writing is perishing for want of sustenance, respect and love.

II

The apprehensions of the author regarding the present state of letters are founded, in part, on what he hears from those who buy and sell his goods, particularly from editors and publishers.

The number of periodicals displayed upon an English bookstall is astonishing; every possible activity, every special interest, every age, every variety seems to have its particular journal—and this in addition to the bulk which provides general entertainment. The number of editors must grow year by year, but not the number of those who are seriously interested in letters. What could a Greenwood, a Henley, a Reginald Smith achieve today, when the type of periodical which their editorship made notable has, in the lifetime of one generation, been practically squeezed out of existence? The vulgarities have perished, or taken on a veneer of respectability, and that is all to the good; but the humanities have perished, too, and that is all to the bad.

On what, then, does the huge mass of periodical literature live? The notorious answer is, on advertisement; that is, on the prices paid by sellers of commodities for liberty to bring these commodities to the notice of a journal's readers. The larger the circulation, therefore, the more valuable the advertisement columns; and I have heard it said that the advertisement columns of a periodical are the only part which has any value, because—this is the modern development—the costs of production and distribution are now so high that the subscriptions of readers cannot cover them.

The owning of a periodical, therefore, appears in these days to be a highly speculative undertaking, for the success of which circulation is the chief essential, since that brings in its train advertisement, without which the undertaking is ruined. Now an editor, unless he has the additional anxiety of also being the owner, is the salaried official of a concern engaged in a competitive industry which is becoming as highly organized as any industry in the world. To make profits is the aim of the industry; therefore, whatever freedom an editor may be given by his employers, there is one freedom that they are compelled to refuse him—the freedom to let the circulation decline. The conclusion seems unavoidable that the function of an editor nowadays is not to educate and stimulate his public but to give his public what it wants, if possible a little more brightly than other competing periodicals. And since what the public wants is decided by many factors outside his control, the editor, in general, is no longer free in his decisions. The shadow of Mammon looms over his desk, too.

The position of the publisher is no different from that of the editor, since publishing, no matter to what extent a publisher may, at his own risk, indulge his predilections for good literature, is primarily a commercial

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enterprise. For the publisher also conditions have changed since the day when our great publishing houses were founded. It is always the same change: costs of production and distribution have risen, competition is fiercer, works and reputations last a much briefer time, and the modest level of sales at which a book, not so very long ago, paid its way would nowadays represent, not only a certain loss, but also the certainty that the voice of its author had been no more heard than if he had been speaking in a vacuum.

III

So we come, in the end, to the public and what the public wants as deciding factors; and that is particularly true in our country and in others where freedom of thought, speech and choice really exists, although imperfectly. Where they do not exist—namely, under authoritarian régimes—the state of letters is hopeless.

Now, the freedom of thought with which I am here concerned is freedom to pursue literature from the high standpoint of an art and to conduct criticism from artistic, not utilitarian or ideological, criteria. The attack on such freedom which comes from the side of the public is from indifference, from want of cultivation and interest, from dislike of intelectual effort; and this attack is the obverse of all the advantages, of a higher general level of education, of the cheap press and cheap edition and of the quick spread of information by many agencies.

The size and intelligence of the bookminded public has increased out of all proportion since the beginning of this century; and its demand has entirely swamped that of the small and highly cultivated public which, if it never adequately supported the literary artist, at least maintained a recognizable level of artistic taste. And though taste and artistic perceptions are now no longer confined to one class, the great mass of men and women, now as always, is indolent of mind and often weary. They require reading to minister to their indolence, not to spur their tired minds to activity and reflection; and the book is today maintaining its existence on the terms of asking no more from its readers than the too easily competing amusements, the film and the radio. In addition, it must be admitted, the preoccupations and anxieties besetting the minds of men and women today are so many and so acute, that lines of thought which have no bearing upon them strike many people as valueless.

For the first time in the history of letters, the demand of the millions has become, as the Germans say, *massgebend;* and this demand, though it appears by quantitative standards immensely active, is in reality a force of vast inertia, uncoördinated, incalculable but irresistible.

Will the waning enchantment and value of the arts ever come back? Genius, of course, will always find its way out; and we may well pray for the revolution that genius can achieve. But literature cannot exist by genius alone: its existence at a high level depends also on the body of average practitioners and upon an audience capable of responding to the artistic appeal.

I would put the problem thus: Can a strong and flourishing culture, such as formerly has been fostered in communities of small size, or in small and

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privileged parts of great communities, be fostered in the vast and growing communities of today, with their enormously developed self-consciousness and the irresistibility of their demands? The future of literature depends on the answer to this question. If it is negative then literature is doomed, since what the millions do not need will die out like the dodo. If the answer is affirmative, then the future is hopeful, but the question then is 'How?'

IV

The solution, if one is to be evolved, seems at present extremely nebulous. It has already become fairly obvious, I think, that cultivation and taste do not supervene immediately when surcease from anxiety, content, leisure and security take the place of their opposites in human existence. The world-improvement of material conditions and standards of living will not, therefore, by itself produce a world culture, or even a national culture. If it could, hope for literature would indeed be rosy. As it is, hope is dim, especially when so many voices are heard exclaiming that literature and art may go hang, so long as material conditions improve and social inequalities are abolished; or that they must be tightly harnessed to the achievement of political ends.

There are some who believe that broadcasting and all the possible improvements in the technique of world-spread entertainment by electric waves will produce an art of their own, comparable with the highest, besides bringing the existing masterpieces of art and literature within the reach of every man and woman. But radio and moving pictures should themselves be susceptible to artistic direction and be educative as well as recreative.

To educate, however, is not to preach or merely to impart information, but to draw out of the individual mind its infinite latent potentialities. To rise to the sublimity of great tragedy and experience its purifying effect, to sustain the long sweep of a great epic, to realize and enjoy the pure beauty of form and rhythm and to have in oneself a touchstone that unerringly distinguishes dross from noble metal—all this is impossible for the untrained mind. Yet in these days when trainers of the body are receiving more and more encouragement, the trainers of the mind, especially those who practice letters, are becoming more and more discouraged, because the false standards of the lazy mind, like a debased currency, are driving out the true standards which require constant effort, reflection and concentration to achieve.

It may be that the worst must ensue before a revolution can take place; that the great traditions of literature, of which its masterpieces are the monuments, must be entirely buried under the débris of neglected generations before they can be rediscovered, with tremulous joy, by a world-society starved for beauty. By that time it might be possible for a body of teachers, poets, scholars and artists to re-educate the whole world as those of the Renaissance re-educated parts of Europe. If this is the sentence of history, we now living must bow our heads in resignation as we witness the debasement of letters under the domination of commercial and other false values.

Unfortunately, we cannot entirely

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still our fears that, as the world is at present tending, literature may become extinct without hope of rediscovery. And these fears are echoed in hearts of writers all over the world —men and women of different creeds, political convictions, traditions and outlooks on life, but united in their devotion to autonomous beauty. The art of letters, which never lived far from poverty, once was proud and free; but they see that art now threatened with hard labor and prostitution, while a kind of counterfeit 'Miss Literature,' selected by publicity agents, postures before the world in the semblance of a Muse.

Whence can delivery come? Not, certainly, from any mechanism, nor by any calculable propaganda; not by lectures or book-luncheons; still less from the tyrants in political uniforms or from the spenders of money for enjoyment. Faith strong enough to contemplate failure unshaken and testimony heedless of inattention or insult can alone avail at such a juncture. The old enchantment is not yet dead; the magicians themselves must resist corruption and despair.

II. Some Writers Are Made

By A. Narvski

Translated from the *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, Moscow Literary Weekly

I WOULD like to tell you a story about how a good worker—and perhaps a good writer—was ruined.

Some time ago I was sitting in the office of a very pleasant, but somewhat over-enthusiastic woman editor. We were chatting together. An argument started. For some reason I said that an editor must be a very severe critic. I added that enthusiasm is a defect in this field, and that over-praising a beginner may prove to be a disastrous mistake. The editor listened to this sermon with a somewhat bored expression, drawing birds on a piece of paper, yawning a little and looking out of the window. Then, suddenly remembering something, she became very animated and told me that since I am 'that sort of person' she would like to show me an amazing discovery. Flushed with excitement, she took out of a drawer a medium-sized manuscript and put it before me. I read aloud the name of this future book: *The Master of Speed.*

'Something fantastic?' I asked.

'Not at all,' she replied. 'All that is written there is nothing but the truth. It is a chauffeur's notebook.'

Then, in her usual impulsive manner, she told me something more about the author. He was, it appeared, a chauffeur by profession, an unknown young man, who is unspoiled by fame, does not claim to be an aesthete, has not a trace of intellectual snobbery and who 'strides into our literary world with a firm step, bringing with him new and fresh material.'

'Are you sure that there are not too many superlatives?' I said. My lady editor simply hissed at me. At that moment the author himself walked into the office. Let us call him Petya. Broad-chested, dressed in a trim blue uniform, with smooth hair neatly

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combed back, this modest, quiet boy immediately produced upon me a most favorable impression.

'Just look at this bear of a fellow,' said the editor. 'Simple, shy, quiet, nothing to look at, and suddenly he up and writes a masterpiece. Was it terribly hard to write, Petya? I've heard that it is always easier to write the first book. But we haven't talked about that with you, have we, Petya?'

Petya was silent.

'He is shy,' said the editor. 'Inarticulate. We keep on asking him about himself and he never answers.'

A slight flush appeared on Petya's high cheekbones. His eyes looked at me with something like a silent prayer. At that moment the editor-in-chief entered, followed by several members of the staff.

'He has come!' bellowed the editor-in-chief. 'Here it is—the new generation! Well, are we writing? Are we producing? Burning the midnight oil? Growing? Reading classics? How about it, Petya?'

The editor-in-chief condescendingly and tenderly patted Petya's broad shoulders, while everybody around laughed an indulgent and understanding little laugh. Petya, meanwhile, still sat in his chair with his mighty fists lying quietly in his lap, and peered around him shyly.

'I've got an assignment,' said Petya at last, diffidently. 'They're sending me to Kazakstan. There I'm going to drive a high-power machine on a transport line. Sounds like interesting work.'

There ensued a death-like silence.

'What about working on yourself?' demanded the editor-in-chief. 'What about growing? You are supposed to be educating yourself. Are you through with the book I gave you?'

'Not quite,' said Petya timidly. 'It's not quite clear. . . .'

'There! just look at him,' exclaimed the editor-in-chief. 'Not quite clear! And still he doesn't want to learn and grow! He's got to go to Kazakstan, as if they couldn't get along without him there! Don't you worry about Kazakstan, my friend; it'll get along without you. It is here that you are needed. You are going to stay here and write for us. We'll inform your office how we feel about throwing away talents like yours.'

II

Later Petya and I left the publishing house together. Petya walked by my side, drooping, sadly puffing at his cigarette.

'Why are you so sad?' I asked.

'I want to go to Kazakstan,' said Petya.

'Why don't you say to hell with them and go?' I advised him quietly. 'Don't listen to them.'

Petya looked at me with some surprise. 'What do you mean, don't listen to them?' he said. 'After all, they understand what's what. If I can't, I can't. I guess I'd better go and work on myself a little, as they suggest.'

Half a year later a messenger brought to me a letter and a manuscript. The letter stated in somewhat vague terms that the publishing house wished me to work over the manuscript of *The Man behind the Wheel,* that this manuscript, as I would see for myself, was unusually talented, that several editors had already worked over it and one of them had even rewritten it entirely, but that it unfortunately, still lacked a 'pivotal

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point,' which I was to supply. To prevent any objections on my part, the editor added another little note, in which he assured me that Tolstoi, Chekhov, Flaubert and Maupassant also used to help young writers.

I read the manuscript and telephoned to Petya, who immediately came to see me.

'I don't understand what they want from me,' he said after listening to me. 'Let me drop dead here, if I understand. Some people say that since I am not a Flaubert anyhow, I shouldn't bother with so many artistic details, but stick to the technical stuff. Others say I ought to have more artistic details and less technical stuff. Still others say that I ought to listen to nobody and write as I want to.' He shook his head and added despairingly: 'Why the devil didn't I go to Kazakstan that time!'

We had a long talk that evening. I found I was talking to an entirely different man from the one I met a few months ago in the publishing house. He still talked little, but there was a petulant ring to his words. I noticed that he didn't like my simply-furnished room, and that he spoke slightingly of the editors whom he used to hold in such awe.

Incidentally, he no longer worked as a chauffeur.

III

I encountered Petya a few times at the meetings of the Writers' Union. He had acquired a taste for public speaking. His speeches, long, involved and with a constant reproachful note in them, bored his audience to tears, and when his nice, honest face appeared on the speakers' platform, everybody would be uncomfortable.

Then he became involved in a lot of squabbles. He lodged a formal complaint against his editors who, he said, had cheated and exploited him. The heads of the Union were busy with this complaint for two days running. They had to call on the carpet the editor-in-chief, together with his entire staff. My friend, the over-enthusiastic lady editor, wept on my shoulder in the corridor and told me angrily:—

'When I think that I myself, with my own hands, copied that manuscript. Copied it? Why, I actually rewrote it! And what about the wonderful conditions under which he worked? He was sent to Crimea to rest; he was even given his own secretary. Who could ever think. . . . ?'

'You are a murderess,' I said, quietly. 'Don't be angry at me, but it is so. Nobody is to be blamed but you!'

She looked at me with mingled amazement and horror. 'What is this you are saying?' she said. 'This Petya is merely an ungrateful and talentless creature. We just—well, we made a mistake.'

'You have no right to make mistakes,' I said. 'You are dealing with a human being. How tired I am of this perpetual idiotic enthusiasm, this absurd attitude toward literature! Literature isn't something that can be pulled out of a hat. It is more than just rehashing and editing. Can't you see that if Petya had stayed in his profession where he belonged, he would have been a really worthwhile, useful individual, and, perhaps, might even have become a writer. And now, you have spoiled him, over-praised him, given him a wrong opinion of himself and deprived him of his pro-

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fession. Don't you see that you are to blame for everything?'

Once, some time later, as I was sitting in the office of the editor-in-chief, Petya came in. He was pale and his lips trembled.

'Why do you want my advance back?' he asked. 'On what grounds? I spent a year of my life on this book. It isn't my fault that you no longer like it. Once you did. Where am I supposed to get the money?'

'I am compelled to ask you not to raise your voice,' replied the editor-in-chief with a metallic undertone in his voice. 'Respect the surroundings in which you are. And don't bother me about the advance. Go to the financial department.'

Petya's eyes gleamed balefully and he slammed the door as he went out.

'Now, he's going to cut your throat,' I promised the editor.

Petya went to the law. He brought a suit against the publishing house. He brought a suit against the editor of the magazine. He brought a suit against the radio corporation. He brought a suit against the consulting committee. And, finally, he brought a suit against me. Yes, indeed, this same Petya who used to eat at my house, the same Petya whose buttons my wife used to sew on, this Petya brought a suit against me for alleged plagiarism.

It was amazing. Expert witnesses were sent for. My colleagues gravely considered every possibility of my stealing from Petya. Petya himself sat there, looked at me with sad, opaque eyes and from time to time said: 'You see yourself, it's all very clear. I write exclusively stories on chauffeurs' lives. It's my own, personal material, lived through and experienced by me. And he, too, has a chauffeur in his story. Of course, his is a distorted image, superficial and not lived through, a pitiful attempt to portray *my* chauffeur. I implore you, comrades, to consider this question seriously.'

Nevertheless, I was acquitted. In spite of everything, I am not angry at Petya. I still feel very friendly to him, and I keep on thinking that we still will make it up somehow. But as for the editor-in-chief, the members of the editorial staff and my dear, over-enthusiastic lady editor, I doubt if I can ever forgive them.

III. The Intellectual on Trial

By Ramon Fernandez

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris Literary Monthly

FOR some time now France, this nation of classifiers, has been harboring a sort of suppressed resentment against the invasion of the intellectual. This feeling has not yet been brought out into the open—you may still see pre-War cruisers bearing the name of poets and historians. In the main it is expressed in the jumble of mixed emotions with which the Frenchmen regard the intellectual. Their attitude toward him varies according to their class. You will find, for example, that the worker distrusts the intellectual. He even tries to work up a contempt for him, although as

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soon as the intellectual joins his ranks, the worker happily follows his lead.

Perhaps the worker's mingled irritation and awe of the intellectual can be explained by the fact that to him the latter is but a manual worker the nature of whose mysterious craft he cannot understand. He feels more akin to such exponents of the fine arts as the sculptor, the musician, the painter, who work directly with their hands. But the relation between the hand and the pen, the pen and the literary style escapes him. The worker is left with an impression of marvelous facility: either writing is a waste of time, a sort of mental hemorrhage, or it is a miraculous effusion.

It is different in the case of the bourgeois who has been raised up with a hereditary contempt for manual labor, and whose feeble efforts to overcome this attitude have not been very serious. A superficial education, which seems to consist of indefinite repetition of ready-made phrases, nevertheless helps him to understand the intellectual. Better prepared, if less enlightened than the worker, he has been able to bridge the gap between the act of thinking and the act of writing. Much more insolent and thoughtless than the worker, the bourgeois may envy the intellectual because of his brilliance or his successful career, yet regard him with a sort of condescension. We know the familiar picture of the intellectual as seen by the bourgeois. In a gesture of mingled defiance and respect, the worker has added to it violent colors.

II

Under the crossfire of this double ignorance, the intellectual becomes a mere name, which, however, still has its marketable value—like a bank draft endorsed sight unseen.

Consider the intellectual merchandise in comparison with others. It is distinguished by this peculiarity: its time of production is incalculable and therefore delivery is uncertain. But, as we know, the commercial equilibrium of society is based upon the exact calculation of time of production and delivery. There is no place for anything timeless in either private or public budgets. If our intellectual wishes to exist, he must somehow adapt himself to a society that calculates most accurately his literary 'solvency.' He will have to put a part of himself on sale and will find buyers for his name in two enterprises: journalism and politics.

In so far as the intellectual is concerned, journalism is an adaptation of thought to contingent events, to fixed space and time, three factors which are beyond a writer's control and of which he must take account as of a new medium. It reduces the limitless time and space at the disposal of a free-lance intellectual to their normal proportions and obliges him to translate his ideas into a language understandable by all. In journalism, the intellectual becomes a producer like others, subject to the general rhythm of the working world.

Much evil has been said about journalism, and perhaps wrongly. Through journalism, the thought becomes a visible and tangible thing. An intellectual's thought is not always quite clear even to himself. When that is so, he tends, by a defensive reflex, to complicate it still further; thereby, he thinks he progresses in his thought, whereas he is merely quietly drowning

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it in vague emotion. So-called 'depth' in a literary work is often a sign of inadequate mental process, a complacent submergence in a thoughtless intimacy of self. On the contrary, when one wants to communicate a thought to someone else, one is forced to 'decant' it, to reduce it to its essentials. I myself have understood the absurdity of an idea that was dear to me by trying to explain it to a child of fifteen.

At any rate, journalism is a test in which one succeeds or fails. It demands the austere precision of a physical exercise, of a sport. Politics is more ambiguous. An intellectual journalist is expected to be a good journalist. But an intellectual who lends his name to a party is expected not to meddle in politics or at least to be accommodating. Journalism throws the intellectual brutally into a cold bath of reality, while politics threatens to remove him completely from reality. The greater part of intellectuals who have lately gone into political life are remarkable in their ignorance of politics—it almost seems a condition of their participation.

In most cases today the relation between an intellectual and a political party is equivalent to a financial transaction. Through this association, their common stock goes up without any accompanying increase in true wealth. An intellectual's appearance on a political platform is no trouble to him and is, furthermore, chalked up to his credit. On the other hand, his association with a party might gain for it a good number of members.

It is entirely different if an intellectual becomes a militant writer, that is to say, if he submits to the discipline of the party, adopts its line in the activity which is prescribed for him and actually becomes a moving cog in the machinery. In that case, as is the case in journalism, he will have many obstacles to overcome. He will be put to the test and, in a certain sense, 'disintellectualized.' That is why, setting our political opinions aside, we incline to agree with Louis Aragon as against André Gide. André Gide's political value was merely potential, while Louis Aragon, poet though he is, is already a militant writer, a political technician.

The grievances of the society against the intellectual—and they will increase if something is not done—narrow down to this very simple, very banal proposition: the French intellectual has lost contact with the sources of all thought, of all vital intelectual work, with the present-day reality. Emanuel Berl, in his last work, expressed with good reason his amazement at the extraordinary decay of the subjects of contemporary novels, where one cannot find any of the salient characteristics of our era. The same can be said about our intellectuals' ideas on liberalism, morals and human values. This is very serious. For if the intellectual must think and plan better than others, then it is necessary that his thought and plans be in harmony with those of other men. A true intellectual *sees* what other *do*, and even if he opposes them, at least his contradiction ought to enlighten them about themselves.

It is possible that journalism and politics, undertaken at first by the intellectual as a material necessity or a vague and ambiguous moral obligation, will end by reforming the intellectual and helping him to adjust himself to his times. Both he and his contemporaries will gain by this.

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

THE issue of 'white supremacy,' long thought dead, once more stalks the South. Senators Ellison D. ('Cotton Ed') Smith of South Carolina and Walter F. George of Georgia raised it in their recent primary campaigns to considerable effect. The reasons for this revival of one of the blackest chapters in the national annals can be found in the history of the New Deal. In the last three major tests of Mr. Roosevelt's policies the Northern Negro vote switched from its pristine Republicanism to the New Democracy. In no state was it decisive, but it might have been in some, as in the future it might well be.

The disfranchised Southern Negroes rapidly found cause to side with their Northern brethren, for the various forms of relief instituted in Washington have benefited them greatly. No political observer doubts which way they would vote should they be given the ballot. Washington has thus been able to act more honestly with the Southern politicians by threatening to bring the issue of Negro disfranchisement into the open, which is tantamount to saying, forcing the Southern overlords to grant the Negroes the vote to which they are entitled by the Federal Constitution. Such a reënfranchisement would mean, in the end, not a Republican South as the Democrats used to fear, but the return of an overwhelming New Deal Democracy to the Senate and the House. In all Southern states the Negroes would hold the balance of power.

The Southern conservative politicians are well aware of this and hence have taken to building up 'white supremacy' sentiment among the oppressed whites in the attempt to spike what the New Deal seems to be set upon, giving the vote to the Negroes. The white sharecroppers and factory workers can still be terrorized by talk of Negroes in Governors' mansions and at the family table, but they can't be expected to be taken in by this sort of demagoguery for long. Washington knows that most people, white as well as black, tend to agree with the ideas of their benefactors. Thus it seems that while the 'Cotton Ed' Smiths may win some of the skirmishes, they will probably lose the battle.

NEW YORK State has a constitutional convention about every twenty years. The last such convention ended the other day, and the new basic law adopted there will be submitted to the people for ratification next November. This practice in the Empire State, the most heavily populated and in other ways the most important in the Union, is so obviously sound socially and politically that one wonders why the national government has not adopted it. Thomas Jefferson suggested that the Federal Constitution be amended every generation to fit the changing times, and no one since his day has offered any good reasons for not doing so.

Certainly the Constitution needs modification, or at least clarification, in some cases of such proportion that single amendments would be of little

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use. Consider the subject of the Federal judiciary, particularly the Supreme Court. Its powers are not very clearly stated in the Constitution, while its right of veto is almost wholly assumed. A national referendum on this one question would do much toward allaying dissatisfaction with the Court. The same applies to the Fourteenth Amendment, with its due process clause, which both conservative and liberal legal thinkers admit has been interpreted far out of its original intent. Then there is the matter of suffrage: the Southern states still find it possible to disfranchise about half their population, thus violating the first principle of our mode of government. Finally, there is the delicate and highly complicated question of 'general welfare,' vaguely touched upon in the Preamble yet used as a prop by the Court, when ruled by a liberal majority, for upholding such legislation as the Minimum Wage law and the Social Security Act. The country as a whole is pretty well agreed upon most such matters, as the election returns the past six years have shown, but it would make for a more healthful government if their basic principles were unequivocally embodied in the organic law of the nation.

What a Constitutional convention could do now toward simplifying and invigorating the Federal government it could do twenty years hence, forty years hence, and so on. Our successors, living under different conditions, will probably be as much dissatisfied with our notions of conducting the public business as we are with the notions of our predecessors, and they will have as much right to amend them. Such a periodic reëxamination would be at least as salubrious to the common weal as it is to our personal lives and individual enterprises.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's pronouncement at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, where he was made an honorary D. C. L.—'I give to you assurance that the people of the United States will not stand idly by if domination of Canadian soil is threatened by any other empire'—did not actually extend the Monroe Doctrine to include Canada, because President Monroe's message took in 'the American Continents,' but for the first time it specifically brought the Dominion within the scope of that document. Besides, it did so at a time when alien Fascist forces are applying unprecedented pressure to bear upon the Central and South American countries to go totalitarian. In singling out Canada, President Roosevelt referred by implication especially to Peru, Venezuela and Brazil, where the Italian and German propaganda machines at the moment are having most apparent success, and he as much as told these two governments that they had better desist and refrain if they did not ultimately care to collide with the armed opposition of this country. Finally and indirectly Mr. Roosevelt possibly hinted to Hitler and Mussolini that there was a spiritual Washington-London-Paris axis to counterbalance whatever vitality may be left to the Rome-Berlin axis. 'We cannot prevent our people,' he said, 'from having an opinion . . . in regard to violation of accepted individual rights. . . . No country where thought is free can prevent every fireside . . . from considering the evidence for itself and rendering its own verdict. . . . That

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is what we mean when we say that public opinion ultimately governs policy.' The unanimous approval with which the American press greeted Mr. Roosevelt's speech indicates what is the public opinion in the United States about what is going on in Italy and Germany.

A NATIONAL survey conducted by the Public Health Service during the winter of 1935-1936 and released the other day reveals some appalling facts. There seemed to be an average daily disability of more than 4,000,000 people, with the rate of physical illness among unemployed twice as high as among the employed. Naturally, the highest illness rate was among those in the high-age groups. Nervous and mental ailments among those without work was more than eight times as high as among those with jobs. In the main, families with annual incomes under $1,000 had more illness than those better situated. The importance of these findings, particularly the last, is indicated in another survey for the same years made by the National Resources Committee and recently submitted to President Roosevelt.

The Committee estimates that the average annual income for 33 1/3 per cent of the families of the country was $471 and that 42 per cent received less than $1,000 a year. This would mean that nearly one half the population of the nation is doomed to suffer disabilities for purely economic reasons and that a large proportion of them will be twice as sick when unemployed as when employed. Unquestionably, as George St. John Perrott, director of the Public Health Survey, says, 'Controllable factors such as medical care, hospitalization and improved housing would appreciably cut the illness rate for a large part of our population.' But who is to offer this medical care, hospitalization and improved housing? If the Federal and state governments don't, who will? Obviously there is no sense in preaching thrift to people who have nothing to save when they work and are sick when they are out of work. If no action of some sort is taken, as Mr. Perrott points out, we shall have 'a mounting total of unemployables who will constitute permanent public charges.'

TWO things stand out of the second World Youth Congress held at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Article IV of the Pact, supporting the idea of collective security, and the absence of official delegations from Russia, Italy, Germany, Japan and Santo Domingo. Article IV reads: 'We agree to bring pressure to bear, whenever the circumstances arise, upon our respective authorities to take the necessary concerted action to prevent aggression and to bring it to an end, to give effective assistance to the victims of treaty violations and agression and to refrain from participating in any aggression whether in the form of supply of essential war material or of fianancial assistance.' A minority of fourteen in the American delegation of sixty-two objected violently on the general ground that the delegates didn't really know what they were signing: 'There is something wrong when delegates from foreign countries are stood on a platform and asked to sign something they have spoken against time after time.' The implication was that the American Communist delegates had forced

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through the collective security article by 'moral coercion.' What actually happened it is difficult to say. It is hard to imagine, however, that the delegates of, say, Rumania and Turkey are really in favor of having their countries rush to the aid of England and France should the latter's colonies in Africa be invaded by Italian and German armed forces.

If the collective security article was, as charged, put through by the Communist delegates, then the absence of delegates from Soviet Russia becomes all the more strange. Why was Russia willing to have its game played by Communists of other countries and unwilling to allow delegates of its own even to be present? For weeks the Communist press in the United States was filled with detailed accounts of the Russian delegation coming to the Youth Congress, when suddenly it appeared that no delegates of any kind were coming. To date no satisfactory explanation has been given anywhere. Can it be that Russia—like Germany, Italy, Japan and Santo Domingo—was reluctant to have any of its young men and women infected with democratic ideas and turn into God knows what by drinking of the heady wines of free speech, free assembly and free press?

THE voluble Congressman Martin Dies, chairman of the House committee for the investigation of 'un-American' activities should investigate his own committee. Only a humorous 'un-American' on it could have put it on record, in effect, as holding that such Federal Theatre projects as *Prologue to Glory* and *Haiti* were soggy with Communist propaganda. The first deals exclusively with the youth of Abraham Lincoln and his beautiful relationship with Ann Rutledge and the second treats melodramatically the uprising of the Negroes against France. That the Committee took seriously the charge that Shirley Temple is a Communist stooge, as solemnly stated by a humorless ex-radical, is additional proof that a comedian in the pay of the CIO or some other 'Moscow organization' is trying to sabotage the overly pious efforts of Mr. Dies. Either that or else Mr. Dies and his colleagues are not very bright.

The various extreme radical groups, it has been known long before Mr. Dies was startled by the discovery, are active in a number of labor, political and artistic organizations, often way out of proportion to their numbers. One top-notch radical can make a hundred times more noise than an ordinary citizen, and together unfortunately they often use this noise-making talent to becloud issues and befuddle leadership, as they are now doing in the United Automobile Workers union. But the fact remains that their combined numerical strength, counting even fellow-travelers, is very small, probably less than 250,000 all over the nation. Besides, they do not form one body but a collection of sharply conflicting groups, with their individual memberships changing constantly. A vigorous, intelligent, unified radicalism could be of great service to the vitalization of American economic and cultural life, but as it operates in America today it is more a trial to all genuine sympathizers with the woes of the underman than a danger to Americanism even as viewed by Mr. Dies.

—C. A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

To Bury, Not to Praise . . .

The adherents of the Popular Front recently received the following sad notice: 'The third Government of the Popular Front regrets to inform you of the terrible loss it has sustained in the person of the forty-hour week in its second year, as a result of a Ministerial address. May it rest in peace!'

The funeral took place yesterday in the presence of a highly select company. M. Daladier spoke a few moving words over the grave. 'The forty-hour week,' he said, 'born of the combined efforts of the different factions of the Popular Front, was always of a delicate constitution. One always felt that it was at the mercy of any wind. Poor frail child!'

The ceremony ended with the Two Hundred Families tactfully receiving the compliments and felicitations of all present. Let us add that the forty-hour week has been buried in the common grave where are already reposing the tax on capital, action against tax evaders and old age security.

—*Canard Enchainé,* Paris

A Doggerel for Hitler

With due acknowledgment to the source of inspiration, a colleague suggests a slogan for the Nazi 'War Party:' DON'T BE VAGUE, ASK FOR PRAGUE.

—*Time and Tide,* London

Patriots

The business man, working ostensibly for his own personal profit, can be, and in this fine old country is, almost without exception, a right-thinking patriot. He is working for ends which are good for his business, but which at the same time are also consistent with the best national interests.

—Callisthenes in *Times* advertisement

Japanese Gold-diggers

The nation's dentists, short of gold fillings, are understood to be preparing a petition asking for a ban on the cremation of bodies until the gold in the corpse's teeth has first been removed. It is not the sort of news that will encourage a visit to the dentist this time next year, though there is no reason whatever why good gold should be allowed to disappear under ground. As a matter of fact, to judge by reports which appear in the papers not infrequently, very little gold does vanish that way. Crematorium employees seem in some cities to look upon the little lumps of gold which stud the ashes as their own legitimate perquisite, and in the aggregate this ghoulish salvage has amounted to considerable sum. One estimate puts the value of the gold teeth that enter the nation's cremation chambers at between 3 and 4 million yen annually.

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle,* Kobe

I. N. R. I.

A friend who has just been in Germany sends me the following: Outside the Passion Play Theater at Oberammergau is the following inscription:—

Juden unerwünscht—Jews not wanted.

—Polycritic in the *New Statesman and Nation,* London

The Political Oyster

Oysters took on a political significance when Mr. A. P. Herbert spoke at a London lunch given to celebrate their reappearance in the gastronomic calendar.

'Oysters of the world, unite!' was the battle cry which, he suggested, might well be adopted by the minorities of Europe. The reason for his taking the oyster so seriously was, I discovered that some time

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ago his boat was run into by a Swedish steamer near Whitsable. Proceeding to Whitsable to carry out repairs, Mr. Herbert succeeded in buying 25 oysters, but only on condition that he ate them at sea.

Before he could open them, screwdrivers, bradawls and even the anchor were brought into play. This made Mr. Herbert realize how much resistance such an apparently defenseless minority as the oyster can put up.

Major A. D. S. Rice, who presided, listened to the story in silence. As chairman of one of London's largest oyster concerns, he was shocked to the core. For Mr. Herbert's sailing mishap took place in August.

—Peterborough, in *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post,* London

Liechtenstein is Ready!

Army maneuvers in the Principality of Liechtenstein are being held this year on an unusually large scale (one soldier on full war footing, with two days' provisions). The German Government is not concealing its anxiety, in spite of the fact that Liechtenstein is protesting the innocence of its intentions.

Incidentally, it is reported that leapfrog has had to be suppressed in barracks, owing to shortage of effectives.

—*Canard Enchainé,* Paris

How True!

In such trying circumstance Mr. Hammersley is keeping his head admirably. At every meeting he is emphasizing his anti-Fascist and anti-Communist views. 'A man of moderation,' he says, 'remains a man of moderation; while an extremist finds it difficult to be anything but an extremist.'

—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post,* London

Circumstantial Evidence

A lady supervisor of village morals accused a workman of having reverted to drink because 'with her own eyes' she had seen his wheelbarrow standing outside a public house. The accused made no verbal defense, but the same evening he placed his wheelbarrow outside her door and left it there all night.

—The *Crown Colonist,* London

Animal Lovers

The Austrian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has expelled all Jews from its membership ranks.

—*Jewish Chronicle,* London

Ideal Solution

Drought is blamed for the present position, but one member of the Board said it was partly due to wastage. 'Working people,' he said, 'should have one bath a fortnight instead of one a week while the emergency exists.'

—The *Daily Mirror,* London

Wer Spricht Spanish?

Here is the latest Franco story. The General, stepping out of his car to review a grand parade of his troops, seized a megaphone, and bellowed, 'Anybody here speak Spanish?' We hasten to add that the story lacks confirmation.

—*Japan Chronicle,* Kobe

Envy?

The latest novelty in America is a bright green egg for breakfast. The shell is the normal color, but when you cut off the top you are confronted with a bright green yolk. Some genius has discovered a substitute which, if mixed with the hen's food, causes this effect.

—*Straits Budget,* Singapore

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BOOKS ABROAD

Sanctuaries for Exiles

Refugees. *By Sir John Hope Simpson. London: Royal Institute of International Affairs. 1938.*

(From the *Economist*, London)

THE problem of refugees is not new. Since exclusive nationalism became the dominant note in Europe's politics millions of unhappy fugitives have sought new homes in foreign lands. The disintegration of the Turkish Empire and the clash of rising nations in the Balkans set up waves of migration in the generation before the War. The beginning of the mass flight of Jews from Russia can be dated even earlier, in 1882. But the aftermath of war swelled these movements to a new magnitude. In Russia, the Bolshevik revolution, the succeeding civil war and the dread accompaniment of famine drove upwards of a million refugees westward to Poland, Germany and the Baltic, southwards to Rumania, Constantinople and beyond and eastward to Manchuria and China. In the Balkans, the wars of 1912, 1913 and 1914-18, and the defeat of advancing Greece at the hands of Turkey in 1922, threw frontiers into the melting pot, and brought Greeks and Bulgarians back to their nominal homeland seeking refuge. In Italy, political persecution began in 1923, and some 10,000 political refugees have since sought shelter, aid and employment abroad. In Germany, the gospel of racism and political hatred was enthroned five years ago, and more than 150,000 migrants have come to foreign countries for help.

The sad record of the post-War treks of the homeless and stateless of Europe is set out in the latest publication of Chatham House. Sir John Hope Simpson shows with dreadful clarity how 'the existence of refugees is a symptom of the disappearance of economic and political liberalism.' Refugees are the consequence of closed and authoritarian economies. The nationalism which persecutes and expels them in one country denies them freedom of entry across the frontiers of others. They are the products of the pressure of population upon national resources deliberately brought about by restrictions upon international commerce. At bottom 'the problem of refugees is the problem of economic and political adjustment.'

How has the refugee problem been tackled so far? Broadly, the difficulties which confronted the League, governments and private bodies in the case of the Russians, Armenians and Germans, as they now confront the London Conference, were three: a refugee is an alien without a legal status or the shield and support of a protecting government; he commonly lacks food, clothing and shelter; and he needs a method of earning his living for the future. The first of these problems, legal and political status, has been the field in which the League of Nations has assumed some responsibility, though the last word has lain with the sovereign States themselves.

Clearly, the League's mission must largely depend upon the readiness of private organizations to relieve and assist refugees and, still more in the long run, upon the willingness of governments to receive and recognize refugees, to grant them asylum, legal rights and permission to work. The League's responsibility can only be temporary. Voluntary bodies, and notably to the everlasting credit of their country, Americans, have done their relief work nobly; the Jews of the free world have shown their unfailing generosity toward their persecuted brethren; and the countries conspicuously exposed to refugee migration, such as France, the Netherlands, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia

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and Palestine have responded with varying degrees of generosity to the calls made upon them. The liberal traditions of France have combined with her need for man-power in mine and factory to afford a home to 190,000 refugees, congregated for the most part in large cities, in Paris, Marseilles and Lyons, and now including close upon 100,000 Russians and, temporarily, some 30,000 Spaniards. Yugoslavia has hospitably received 28,000 Russians, while in Czechoslovakia the *Action Russe,* until it ended in 1929, gave aid and education to over 10,000 Russians. Among its 282,000 immigrants since 1920, Palestine has received some 30,000 German refugees; their settlement has been well planned and organized; but fears for the country's absorptive capacity and political troubles have set a strict limit to the numbers Palestine may welcome annually. Only in the Far East, where thousands of Russians are working as laborers—when they can get the work—at half the wages paid to Japanese, while their women walk the streets, has the problem been wholly unsolved.

The only final end to the problem of refugeedom is naturalization and absorption; France has gained artisans; the Netherlands has gained traders. The refugees of today, like the Flemings and Huguenots of the past, have contributions to make to the life of their new countries. Much of the greatness of the United States is historically based upon the talent and enterprise of refugees.

But absorption and assimilation are so slow and difficult that they could barely cope with the scale of the refugee problem as it stood before the *Anschluss.* Even liberal France warns that she has reached the limit; and vested professional interests in Britain are not disposed to be generous. The dimensions of the problem to come threaten to swamp the agencies which have so far spread the waters of migration relatively smoothly over new lands.

One field has been practically untouched so far; that is, colonization—except where refugees have been merged with existing schemes as in Palestine and Argentina. South America, North Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Madagascar, Kenya, the New Hebrides and Angola have been suggested for settlement. But, since the cost of settling a family in a new land runs close to £1,000, there are clearly financial burdens to be borne as the basis of any extended scheme of settlement. Mass migration is impracticable, but planned infiltration adequately financed is clearly feasible; and the rights of Imperial Powers like Britain and France spell duties and responsibilties also. Responsibility lies heaviest upon the persecuting Powers, and more heavily than ever upon Germany for her sudden expulsion of Jews this year without the wherewithal to make their way in the world. Private charity cannot cope with the new flood of fugitives. The nations must come together to check the flow by persuasion and argument; to canalize it by organized migration; and to run it to fruitful purpose by generous absorption and schemes of settlement. The rich and the powerful among the nations have a matchless opportunity to show that they have some element of those other qualities of mercy and charity which alone can truly authorize them to call themselves Great Powers in the world.

A Novel of Hate

La Nausee. *By Jean-Paul Sartre. Paris: Gallimard. 1938.*

(Marcel Arland in the *Nouvelle Revue Française,* Paris)

SARTRE'S *La Nausée* has not quite the dramatic progression and the sure touch that distinguished his short stories like *Le Mur* (that appeared in The Living Age, October, 1937 under the title of 'Three Who Died'); yet the very absence of these qualities makes the reader more conscious of the inspiration and the true magnitude of the novel. A novel? It is

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perhaps more of an essay, a satire, a philosophical meditation. The reader will never identify himself with the characters in the book. They are merely symbols borrowed by the author to express his ideas. Yet the book abounds in true touches, in conversations faithfully noted down. The author deliberately keeps such passages sparse. They serve as a background against which the author's passion, his curiosity, his intelligence and philosophical tendencies have free play. This book may seem too long in some spots and too short in others, its style changes from jerky to monotonous, from perfunctory to overelaborate. It is, nevertheless, a remarkable book.

The central theme is akin to that in the author's previous short stories. Here, too, we have the story of a man outside of his element. The hero lives in a world so special that it seems to us monstrous, until we become accustomed to it; then we ask whether this may not be the only real world. Yet nothing abnormal happens to the hero of *La Nausée*. He travels, has love-affairs, works. For a while he lives in a provincial town, almost entirely alone, without any other occupation but historical research. It is there that his adventure begins.

'My aunt used to tell me,' he writes, 'when I was little: "If you look too long in the mirror, you will see a monkey." I must have looked at myself even longer that that, for what I see is far earlier than an ape. It is on a fringe of the vegetable world, a species of the polyp perhaps. This thing lives, I won't deny it. I can see it stirred by the slight tremors. I see the flaccid flesh that expands and palpitates. The eyes particularly seem horrible at this range. They are glassy, moist, blind, edged with red, almost like fish scales.'

This is a metamorphosis as complete in the eyes of a man who has passed through it as that of Kafka's hero. A man awakes, looks at himself and finds himself to be a monster. He feels an insuperable nausea arising in him. This limp hand, these motions of an automaton, this voice that would disgrace an animal —can this be I? How little of humanity remains to a man when he is really alone! He looks at himself, surprised, but with little interest, and, vaguely disgusted, seeks in vain in the primeval stuff an aspect of himself that he can recognize.

After this experience, the outside world is also transformed for him. He sees clearly its mechanical, heavy aspect, its stupidity. He walks along the street, enters a café, a restaurant, or a library, mingles with the Sunday crowds, surpises a snatch of conversation here, a gesture, an attitude there, and everywhere it is the same wretched pantomime of men who fear to see themselves as they are and who build around themselves a lie that will reassure them. The same cowardice, the same somnolence, the same vague and fixed look—'dirty beasts!' says Sartre's hero, regarding man, stripped to the depths of his naked personality.

Before so much mediocrity and complacence, his feeling of aloneness is mingled with bitterness and anger. Only on the last pages of the book does one encounter a vague hope. Perhaps in writing the story of his adventure, in living through the stages of his dispossession and his opposition to the world, he will be able to find his own identity.

Obviously, it is the problem of existence that is the kernel of M. Sartre's book. For this work, which seems to echo Heidegger's philosophy, is the latest in a series of works, which, written after the War, questioned the very concept of personality. It is perhaps somewhat irritating, yet I can't help feeling that it might be a good thing if in generation after generation a voice arises to ask Man: 'What are you?' It is not that Sartre intends us to take his hero as a model. In spite of his lucid mind, this character is hardly less pitiful and false than those whom he despises. He is the latest addi-

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tion to a race well known in the literary world, the heroes of Céline, Dietrich or Calet. He is made of intentions, attitudes and words. But he constrains us to look deeper into ourselves and that, doubtless, is Sartre's true aim.

Democracy Destroyed

Exiles in the Aegean. *By Bert Birtles. London: Gollancz. 1938.*
(D. in the *Manchester Guardian*, London)

THIS is the first fully documented book on the recent history of Greece to be published. The author, who is an Australian, and his wife arrived in Greece shortly before the restoration of the monarchy in 1935 and saw every event, from the fake plebiscite organized by General Kondylis previous to the arrival of the King down to the *coup d' état* by which General Metaxas finally riveted the chains of dictatorship on his country.

Indirectly the book is a terrific indictment of the King of Greece, for the author shows how, step by step, everything the King did led, with his own knowledge and assistance, toward the dictatorship. The fullest facts and relevant documents are given, and those who know Greece and Greeks will recognize that the author and his wife have succeeded signally in understanding the mentality of the people and in establishing relations with large number of individual citizens. It is a fine piece of *reportage,* lucid, lively, and truthful.

The declaration of the King on his return is quoted in full. He promised, in his own words, to be 'a faithful guardian of the régime.' In saying that, he was more Greek than the Greeks, for now they realize that he never committed himself to the guardianship of democracy or the Constitution, as they had supposed. Then followed the long and intricate story of the King's attempt to establish a reconciliation of parties. His first act was to get rid of Kondylis, the first dictator of Greece. This he seems to have done simply in order to establish his own independence, for he made no attempt to fulfill the general political amnesty which he had promised. A large part of the book is taken up with an enthralling account of the author's visits to the appalling island of Anaphi, where political prisoners were first interned without trial under the Kondylis régime, kept there when the amnesty was declared, and added to enormously by the Metaxas dictatorship.

We see the slow development of events in all their stark brutality: The unexpected deaths in rapid succession of Kondylis, Demerdjis, Venizelos, and Tsaldaris; the clearing of the field for a possible dictator; the lamentable inability of the liberal parties to form a consolidated front to fight Fascism; the same dreary old story of democracy refusing to combine until too late; the stalemate election of 1936, when the democratic parties polled 142 and the reactionaries 143, with 15 Communists to hold the balance; the blank refusal of the King to tolerate the Communist deputies, although he pretended to be a constitutional monarch; his early dealings with Metaxas, which ultimately laid the basis of the dictatorship, and the futile refusal of the liberal parties to accept the Communist vote, which would have given them the majority in Parliament necessary to oust Metaxas.

'Nobody wanted Metaxas,' says the author, 'nobody except the King.' Metaxas had only seven seats in Parliament for his party, and yet the King sent for him to take over the Demerdjis provisional Cabinet! It was this surrender of power to Metaxas that led to an almost universal demonstration by politically-minded Greek democrats throughout the length and breadth of Greece. The largest demonstration at Salonika was savagely repressed by Metaxas and thirty people were killed by the police. This was the affair which he has since branded as a Communist plot. The tragedy itself in

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turn led to further ferment and violent protestation, and so the way was paved for the *coup*.

The author then tells us how Dr. Goebbels and Dr. Schacht arrived in Athens as the dictatorship developed. On January 19, 1937, Metaxas announced the terms of the armament deal between Greece and Germany. A loan was granted also by Germany to Greece for 4½ millions, all to be spent on armaments, while Germany took the bulk of Greek exports. In a trice Greece had become the vassal of Germany. With the exiling of over 13,000 political opponents Metaxas was in the saddle. And now we await the Nemesis. For, as the author shows only too clearly, freedom cannot easily be stifled in Greece.

The book is a notable achievement. Every page of it rings true. Its facts are unimpeachable. Its impressions are mainly correct. It is as decisive a condemnation of unconstitutional monarchy as of dictatorship. It will have repercussions. For English readers it will serve as a warning of how a democracy in a liberal-minded country can be destroyed.

Proverbs of Many Lands

Racial Proverbs. A Selection of the World's Proverbs Arranged Linguistically. *By Selwyn Gurney Champion. London: Routledge. 1938.*

(G. W. Stonier in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THIS is a fascinating volume, if only because it can be read in so many ways. Approach it as a collector, as one who has gathered door knobs or cigarette cards, and you will welcome in the 'paroemiographer' (new to me) a fellow maniac. 'Mrs. Tuomikoski tells us that the Finnish Literature Society and Dictionary Endowment have now in their possession one million, five hundred and fifty thousand Finnish proverbs;' that is the note, the collector's background. Or finding that similar proverbs occur in every language, you read on in order to prove a theory—that human nature is the same everywhere, or that everyone has borrowed from everyone else. You will very soon find that on any particular subject—'death' or 'woman,' for example—humanity has only half a dozen things to say, and they are scarcely worth saying. Death is a door at the end of a narrow passage; woman is gaudy, fickle, in league with the devil, and as necessary to man as she is to be avoided.

Does this level of commonplace depress you? Then *Racial Proverbs* will provide a vast and authentic *sottisier* in which you can nose out stupidities by the thousand. Perhaps you are tired of hearing the music-hall joke about mothers-in-law; switch to Ethiopia where it is the brother-in-law who is made the target of spite. Familiar thoughts become more attractive as they get away from home, as they take in new landscapes and ways of living, so that *'The cicada knows nothing of snow,'* (Chinese) or *'Bless the date-trees, for they are your aunts'* (Arab) seem pretty to us in a way which would not strike those who are born to them. And there are other reasons why the proverbs of the East—and especially the Chinese, Arabian and Persian—make so much better reading than the Negro or European. For one thing, they have been consciously cultivated as a form of expression—there is a Chinese saying that every poem contains a picture, and the same might be said of their proverbs—and many of the examples given by Mr. Champion are small prose poems of high excellence.

Possibly because they adopt a more persuasive tone in giving advice, the Chinese are better proverb-makers than any other race. I find their mixture of punctilio and sense, their delicate fun, clear imagery and hinting approach to truth, singularly agreeable. Love and Death, the two subjects on which popular comment is usually emptiest, provided

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me with at least two good Chinese sayings. Of the first: *'Never the time and the place and the loved one all together'* (some mandarin discovered this centuries before Browning); of the second, *'A dead man is terrible as a tiger, a dead tiger harmless as a lamb.'* Here are some other Chinese proverbs:—

The quiet duck puts its foot on the unobservant worm.

There is no economy in going to bed early to save candles if the result be twins.

There are only affectionate fathers and mothers, but no affectionate sons and daughters.

Do not remove a fly from your friend's forehead with a hatchet. (Cf. Dr. Johnson's "Don't hurl a half-crown at a beggar so as to stun him.")

Man combs his hair every morning, why not his heart?

A hasty man drinks his tea with a fork.

A piece of paper blown by the wind into the law-court may in the end only be drawn out by two oxen.

The sorrows of the rich are not real sorrows; the comforts of the poor are not real comforts.

The rose has thorns only for those who would gather it.

Although there exist many thousand subjects for elegant conversation, there are persons who cannot meet a cripple without talking about feet.

The other great proverb-makers of the world are the Arabs—we need only to have read *The Thousand and One Nights* to know that. How often, in that entrancing book, a situation grows out of a proverb or is summed up in one, a lover speeding across the city to his beloved meets a friend with whom he stops to exchange quotations! With the Arabs the proverb takes often the form of a simile or fable:—

They came to shoe the Pasha's horse and the beetle stretched out his leg.

That is delicious; beside it Aesop looks clumsy. More pictorial than even the Chinese, these Arabian proverbs project a whole nomad life, caravans, camels, horses, the desert, and the mirage of date-palms and shady cities.

The air of heaven is that which blows between a horse's ears.

The sand blows in the face of him who prays.

The tone of the Arab's reflections on life, in contrast to a vivid imagery, is patient and gently pensive; the love between brothers is exalted above any other. I liked these simple sayings:—

The camel-driver has his plans and the camel has his.

A book is like a garden carried in the pocket.

In the desert one forgets everything, one remembers nothing any more.

He lingers like English colonization. (This from Iraq.)

Every man thinks his own fleas gazelles.

O my house, my dear little house, hider of my little failings!

He fled from the rain and sat under the waterspout.

I had no shoes, and I murmured, till I met a man who had no feet.

The Persian proverb, allied to both Chinese and Arab, shows similar qualities and the decoratives of easier and more ceremonial living. *'May your nose grow fat,'* the common greeting in Persia, seems to come from an affable race. This parable shows them to be also humorously subtle:—

A poor man waited a thousand years before the gate of Paradise, then while he snatched one little nap it opened and shut.

Do you scent Kafka? Of the Japanese and Indian sections of Mr. Champion's book I have no space to write, but I found attractive things in each.

[*The American edition of this book has been published by The Macmillan Company.*]

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

MY LIFE AS A REBEL. *By Angelica Balabanoff. New York: Harpers Brothers. 1938. 324 pages. $3.75.*

NINETY radicals out of a hundred in New York City probably never heard of the author of this book, and ninety-five would most likely feel immensely more delighted with an autograph of Earl Browder or Max Schachtman than an hour of conversation with her. It is not surprising. The laurel of temporary fame nearly always goes to second- and third-raters. Dr. Balabanoff, whose understanding of people and events is immense and truly profound, knows this so well that she would smile tolerantly if one were foolhardy enough to bring it to her attention. She sits in her small room in a modest hotel, oblivious to her personal problems, fully aware of the dangers, human as well as historical, in the path of social progress, and yet as optimistic of the final outcome as a girl on her first picket line. She is one of the most remarkable women of our day. Whether one agrees with her ideas or not, her stature as a person is such that a mere acquaintance with her overwhelms one. It is a pity that she still refuses to write a full autobiography. One hopes that she soon will. Until then her present account of her purely revolutionary life must suffice.

As a mere document it will undoubtedly form a source book for many years to come, for Dr. Balabanoff participated actively in the revolutionary movement of Europe, especially Russia and Italy, for nearly forty years and had close relations with such figures as Lenin, Trotzki, Zinoviev, Mussolini, Karl Radek, Serrati, Bebel, Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, John Reed, Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, Maxim Gorki and Turati. She did hard pioneer work for Bolshevism, serving as the first secretary of the Communist International, and dealt with all its leaders as an equal. Lenin respected her so much that even when she broke with him—she objected to his methods and alleged unfaithfulness to Socialism—and left Russia, he spoke of her with admiration.

She has an unwavering loyalty to principle, and a sharp eye for facile compromisers and frauds who try to achieve personal glory by trampling on the backs of the very workers they profess to love. The smallest blemish on character does not escape her. She adored Lenin, yet she points out that he was sometimes brutal—as when he wrote to her, 'I understand from your letters that some of the couriers do not deliver our papers on time. Please send me their names. These saboteurs shall be shot'—and on occasion cheap, as when he alluded in public to Alexandra Kollontai's irregular sex life. Zinoviev she loathed bitterly: 'After Mussolini . . . I consider Zinoviev the most despicable individual I have ever met,' a liar, a schemer, an opportunist. But she does not believe, with regard to the recent Russian trials, that 'he and his co-defendants were guilty of the crimes of which they were accused. The background of such frame-ups and confessions was developed under Zinoviev himself and they were implicit in the development of the Bolshevik method, the Leninist strategy, since the Revolution,' Radek's 'intellectual trickery' was so great that he could prove the historical inevitability of nearly everything and thus appear a brilliant journalist. As for Stalin, in 1920 no one seemed to have an 'attitude' toward him, 'because in the political life of the movement he was so unimportant.' Trotzki is 'one of the most powerful intellects of our time,' but he is a coward in the face of public reproach.

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Reed was 'one of the most devoted and genuine revolutionists I had ever met.'

Of Mussolini Dr. Balabanoff has more to say than about anybody else. She befriended him when he was a vagrant, was his associate on *Avanti,* the Socialist paper, and saw him sell his radicalism for a barrel of silver. She considers him 'to be guilty of the most infamous betrayal of modern times.' Knowing him as closely as she did, she says he was an ignoramus, a hypochondriac, an egomaniac, a liar. He would exclaim to her: 'I am afraid of trees, of dogs, of the sky as well as of my shadow. Yes, my own shadow! . . . You know, I am crazy. What madhouse will take me when I go completely insane? I do not know, but mad I am.' The physician who attended Mussolini told the author: 'Comrade, as medical chief of the clinic I have thousands of patients every year. Believe me when I tell you that I have never seen such a coward as Mussolini.'

Dr. Balabanoff discusses not only individual radicals but also the development of European radicalism during the past two generations. Her accounts of the first four years of the Bolshevik revolution contains much hitherto unknown material, and so do her reports of the Zimmerwald Conference, the Youth International, the convention of the German and Russian Social Democratic Parties, and the Freethinkers' Congress. Some of the men and women who participated in them won her deep admiration. Her sections on August Bebel, Antonio Labriola, Rosa Luxemburg and Giacinto Serrati are beautifully written hymns to monuments of integrity.

The book, to repeat, is of the first importance historically. It also arouses thoughts about the quality of American radicals. In Europe most radical leaders have ever been men of learning and fine sensitivity. They read and they knew things. Slogans were not mere yells to them, but the crystalizations of careful thinking, involving all the arts and sciences of all time. They wrote books of substance, influenced governments and played an important part in the evolution of history. It used to be the same, though on a more modest scale, in the United States. In the days of Daniel DeLeon, Thorstein Veblen and Eugene V. Debs, to be a radical meant to be an intellectual. A leader in the Socialist or the Socialist Labor Party was assumed to be acquainted with the works of Darwin, Spencer, Bebel, Stirner, Nietzsche, Haeckel, Tolstoi, Chekhov, Dostoyevsky, Jack London, and to have a liking for Wagner, Beethoven, Mozart, Rodin, Bellows. For a radical to have used the word intellectual as a term of contempt was unthinkable.

Today things seem to be different. It's not how much one knows and how sensitive one is that places one high in the councils of the extreme radical parties. People who read many books are denounced as 'mere intellectuals,' and those who cannot stomach lying, even though the Party holds that the lies of today are the truths of tomorrow, are labeled neurotics. The faculty of doubting is also looked down upon; in some places it is called a form of counter-revolution. Apparently in many quarters these days the best sort of radical is a combination of sheep and donkey. Perhaps it is better thus. But one has a suspicion that intelligence, honesty, and decency are still worthy qualities in political parties as in personal relations, and that no movement, however much noise it may make for a while, can long endure without them.

—Charles Angoff

Journey to Manaos. *By Earl P. Hanson. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1938. 342 pages. $3.00.*

INDIANS in the Amazon jungles display only a 'polite' interest in jazz; but over a Beethoven symphony they go into sudden raptures. That, at least, was

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the experience of Mr. Hanson, whose portable radio set—taken for the scientific purpose of getting Arlington time signals while investigating the earth's magnetism in remote spots—proved a wonderful box of tricks when turned to recreational purposes. The Indians, says Mr. Hanson, 'had never heard anything so marvelous' as a symphony. 'They held on to the phones until I snatched them away to give others a chance, and at the first opportunity they snatched them back again.'

The experience gave the philosophical Mr. Hanson 'food for thought;' for, he asked, 'is jazz really something derived from the primitive, as we claim, or is it only another symptom, of which we have so many, of the inevitable decay of every civilization, our own among them, into a dogmatized kind of sterility? For jazz is nothing if not dogmatic in its rules and structure, and in itself is a form of social dogma, which a good many thousands embrace for no other reason than the fear of being considered "highbrow".'

If the jungles often proved meager in their supply of material nutriment—Mr. Hanson came near starving at one point—they were generous in this 'food for thought,' particularly for a speculative traveler like the author. Why, he asked, does it seem that these Amazon regions were more thoroughly mastered by the Spanish explorers than by their descendants four centuries later? Has the white man's contribution since been merely a commercialism that has wasted human and natural resources, with perhaps more regard for the latter than the former? Are the disintegrating effects of the 'depression' that has come to the Amazon regions, following the shift of rubber production to the East Indies, to continue unabated? What is the explanation for the petty despots like the notorious Fùnes, who at times have ruled these areas, with the sole principle that latex, the 'liquid gold,' was of more value than human blood? Can Venezuela, now that Gomez is gone, bring about effective colonization of her jungle hinterlands? Would the conquest of South America's wilderness—potentially one of the richest regions on the earth—give our troubled world a 'breathing spell,' doing 'for the Western World what the conquest of the West did for the United States at a critical time?'

Highlighting Mr. Hanson's jungle meditations may give the impression that his book is a sociological treatise, which it is not. It is a most interesting account of his experiences, marked by a pooh-poohing of the sacred traditions of the explorer, an irrepresible inquisitiveness that makes the author more interested in the problems of the peoples he meets than in his own, and an easy style that makes it difficult to lay the book down once you have begun reading it.

—Earle K. James

Insanity Fair. *By Douglas Reed. New York: Covici Friede. 1938. 420 pages. $3.00.*

DOUGLAS REED is one of the better known post-War correspondents, who has covered all of the European capitals, been on the spot when anything big and momentous was happening and who knows all the people. Out of this welter of experience, Mr. Reed has drawn a sad conclusion. The world is a pretty insane place to live in. Fools, dotards and those quick with the double-cross rule official roosts, and nothing much can be done about it—nothing much but to sit back like a sadly disillusioned Englishman and enjoy what little of heaven there is left—a bit of English green between the smokestacks, removed from the chaos that is the world outside.

Much of the book is downright silly. His impressions, for example, of Moscow are those of a very myopic and uninformed observer. Yet those impressions which he paints so fully—Germany and the rise of the Nazis—are penetrat-

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ing and significant. Most significant of all is his terrific indictment of the British Tories. He leaves them nothing to stand on. They betrayed Democracy, they betrayed the peace of Europe and they have even done that incredible thing, betrayed the British Empire.

Insanity Fair represents a morganatic alliance between the spirit of Céline's *Journey to the End of Night* and Sir Philip Gibbs in his most lucid moments. And all the blind spots of both as well.

—Robert S. Brady

Merchants of Peace. *By George L. Ridgeway. New York: The Columbia University Press. 1938. 419 pages. $3.75.*

IN THIS volume Dr. Ridgeway, who is associate professor of history at Wells College, presents a comprehensive and heavily documented history of the International Chamber of Commerce from its establishment in 1919 down to the present day. He takes up every aspect of the Chamber's activities, political, economic and diplomatic. He is a strong believer in the power of industry as a force for peace, and he is critical of those statesmen who ignore the currents of trade when shaping their policies. His general conclusion is the following: 'The statesmanship of those who have labored through the I. C. C. to overcome destructive post-War nationalism with the good sense and practical idealism of international business coöperation today offers the basis of a new association between business and government. Its effectiveness is dependent upon the absolute renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy by merchants of peace.'

Meek Heritage. *By F. E. Sillanpaa. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. 273 pages. $2.50.*

Finland's greatest novelist tells the dark and powerful story of a peasant's life and fate in the revolution from which the Finnish nation emerged.

Death on the Installment Plan. *By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1938. 593 pages. $2.75.*

The story of a Parisian brat from his birth until he enters the army for his compulsory military service. (Original French edition reviewed in The Living Age for July, 1936.)

Thrice a Stranger. *By Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 435 pages. $2.50.*

The author of *Testament of Youth* and *Honorable Estate* deals with the past decade in America.

The Letters of Henry Adams (1892-1918). *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. 672 pages. $4.50.*

Completing the story of *The Education of Henry Adams,* as told by himself. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford.

Conscript Europe. *By Randolph Leigh. New York: Putnam. 1938. 308 pages. $3.00.*

An authoritative book on conditions in Italy, France, Germany and England since the rise of the dictators, judged according to American ideals.

Twilight in Vienna. *By Willi Frischauer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. 278 pages. $3.00.*

An Austrian journalist tells the factual, inside story of his country from the end of the World War to the annexation.

A Day of Battle. *By Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday Doran. 1938. 304 pages. $2.50.*

A novel dealing not alone with the battle of Fontenoy and the war between the French and the English, but covering the background of that period as well.

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THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

Car,' for which the entire German Party press has campaigned to the exhaustion of its superlatives, have fallen alarmingly short of official expectations. Registration in the first three days amounted to only 3,000, according to the *Berliner Börsenzeitung*. A week later all papers, conscious of a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm on the part of the workers, were on the defensive against what they termed 'irresponsible and childish objections;' the *Angriff*, Goebbels's newspaper, asserted that such 'capitalist talk' was merely proof of a 'Marxist ideology' and that the 'standards of living would not be sacrificed.' These reverberations are interesting in view of the conclusions reached by Joachim Haniel in his 'German Myth on Wheels.' [p. 123]

IN 'Esprit de Corps' THE LIVING AGE introduces to the American public the first story of Grace Joslin, a young British author, in which she displays a sensitive understanding for subtle undertones and moods. [p. 128]

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, who has traveled widely in the Near East, visits the Bahrein Islands, Great Britain's foremost stronghold in the Persian Gulf—a strategically invaluable spot because of its rich oil resources and its almost impregnable airport. In the article, 'Oil for Whose Lamps?', the writer tries to dispel some of the mystery in which these islands are cloaked and to explain why they are run by Americans although they are under the British flag. [p. 143]

JOHN STRACHEY, the well-known author of *The Coming Struggle for Power* and latterly, of *What Are We To Do?*, has written his idea of what must be done to save Europe from war and destruction. He explains why the present method of conciliating the aggressor will not preserve peace for any length of time. [p. 157]

IN A group of articles dealing with the several aspects of intellectual activity in Europe we have a symposium, to which a British, a Russian and a French author have contributed their opinions. The first article on 'Decline of Letters' has been appearing in instalments in the *Times Literary Supplement* and expresses a worry which has been making itself felt in literary circles. The author feels that the capacity for intellectual effort on the part of the audience is diminishing and that the individual liberty of the artist is threatened. [p. 161]

THE *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, Soviet veteran literary weekly, has lately had one of its periodical spurts of self-criticism, and has discussed, though ever so timidly and cautiously, the important question of what it is that Russian literature needs. Naturally, no momentous decisions were reached; the blame was safely placed on the inefficiency of publishers—where, to some extent, it belongs. A. Narvski, an accepted author of good standing in the Soviet Union, contributed a series of articles in which he discussed some of the more unreasonable practices in the publishing field. We reprint here one of those articles, which describes graphically just how 'Some Writers Are Made' in Russia and throws an interesting light on the uncritical and over-enthusiastic attitude prevalent in literary circles—an attitude that has proved ruinous to many a beginning author. [p. 166]

RAMON FERNANDEZ, a book reviewer of *Marianne*, discusses the rôle of the intellectual in society. He explains somewhat the universal distrust of the intellectual, who, like Kipling's cat, has been showing a tendency to 'walk alone' and has been unable or unwilling to come to grips with reality. [p. 169]

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